THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. I, No. 6.—OCTOBER, 1871.

ANOTHER REFORMATION.

THERE are in Europe, at present, two men endeavoring to revive the effete drama of Church reformation. They are Dollinger and Loyson, *alias* Hyacinthe. The former is, in theatrical parlance, "first heavy man." The latter appears in the *role* of light comedian, with an occasional melodramatic touch. Dollinger, in tragic accents, recounts the woes and indignities which have been heaped upon him ever since he took up arms against the Roman tyrant and his Jesuit minions; whilst Hyacinthe relieves the monotonous strain by introducing quiddets and quillets about monks and nuns. Notwithstanding the many *claqueurs* furnished by the infidel universities and the Liberal party, the play does not appear to draw, and both reverend actors are threatened with the fate of Shakspeare's poor player,

"Who fumes and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

With the past history or the present doings of these gentlemen, this article is not concerned. We wish, however, to examine the ideas and the designs of which each is the exponent and apostle. Both are "reformers." Each has been called the modern Luther, although the Protestants that so designate them unwittingly pay the greatest of insults to the memory of the Saxon monk. Neither has the courage or the frankness of the founder of Protestantism. He was an enemy in the field. They are traitors in the camp. For Luther, we have the feeling of admiration which even a foolhardy feat elicits. Once cast out of the Church, he made no attempt to conceal his hatred of her, or his determination to crush her. He becomes almost sublime when compared with the two reformers of to-day, sheltering themselves, one under his professor's chair, the other under his monk's cowl, writing twaddle to Protestants and Jews, and loudly professing their filial love for the Pope whom they defame and the Church which has branded them as heretics and schismatics.

Dollinger comes before us directly and immediately as the mod-

ern reformer of the *faith* of the Church; Hyacinthe, of her *discipline*. It is the scope of this paper to show that Catholic doctrine is absolutely irreformable, and that the Church's discipline, falling directly within her own province, cannot be altered, "reformed," or modified except by her authority, and with her permission.

The absurdity of the proposition that the faith of the Church admits of reformation becomes more strikingly evident when we resolve it into certain equivalents, viz.:

1. What is, in essence and substance, immutable is changeable.

Essential oneness may indefinitely increase or decrease.

2. Christ is not God.

He has repudiated the Church.

The gates of hell may prevail against the house of God and the pillar and ground of truth.

To prove that the foregoing are the equivalents of the proposition, a reference to the nature of divine revelation, and to the Scriptural idea of the Church, suffices. All Christians admit that the Creator has deigned to reveal to men, at different periods of time, a complete system of moral doctrine and practice, ranging from the sublimest mystery to the most commonplace truth; from the loftiest duty of which nature, strengthened by grace, is capable, to the simplest office of daily life. This revelation extends from the creation of the world to the ascension of Christ, who completed and perfected it. The tradition of revelation subsisted only orally down to the time of Moses, who, at God's command and under His inspiration, "wrote in a book" an account of the creation of the world from nothing; the fall of our first parents; the general annals of the primitive race, and a detailed description of the Creator's dealings with the chosen people. In subsequent time He revealed Himself to humanity by the ministry of men whom He commissioned as the bearers of tidings of weal or woe to various nations and kingdoms. These were called prophets, and were distinguished by certain prerogatives that certified their divine mission. The power of working miracles, for instance, was one of the marks by which this mission was authenticated; and as the Almighty has invariably bestowed this power upon His ambassadors, the most expeditious means of determining any one's claims to be the apostle of a new revelation is, as the Jews did, to demand a sign in testimony of the commission claimed as divine. This gradual revelation terminated with Christ, who verified in His Divine Person the types and figures of the Old Testament, and, according to Catholics, established a Church as the unerring custodian and teacher, not only of His own specific revelation, but also of the Mosaic and the prophetic one.

Yet in all these successive revelations the substance of faith remained the same, for every doctrine, every article of faith, is implicitly contained in certain first beliefs (the *credibilia* of Saint Thomas). The Apostle epitomizes all doctrine in two points—to believe in the existence of God and in His providence.* Thus, faith in the existence of God includes every-

* Heb. 9.

thing which regards Him as our final end and eternal beatitude. Faith in His providence includes whatever He ordains in time for our acquisition of this happiness.*

Another illustration which the Fathers give of the essential oneness of faith is drawn from the nature of its object, which is the First Truth. Whatever is believed, is believed because it has been revealed of God. "If," says St. Thomas, "we consider the formal reason of the object of faith, we shall find it to be nothing else than the First Truth; for faith assents to nothing save as revealed by God. But if we consider the matter of faith (*materialiter*), we shall find that it is not God alone that faith accepts, but also many things. These, however, belong to the province of faith, only inasmuch as they bear a relation and an order to God. Wherefore, even in this respect, the object of faith is, in a certain sense, the First Truth, so far as nothing falls within its province, except what has this order and relation to God."† Hence, St. Paul speaks of the one faith, and represents it as shadowed forth in the Divine Unity.‡ There can be no comparison stronger or more forcible than this. Other and beautiful illustrations of this oneness occur in the writings of the Fathers, who compare the faith to the sun, ever one and the same, shining out upon the whole world; the Church, though composed of many members, to a single person possessing one mind, one soul, and one tongue, &c.§ Thus faith in all time is, in substance and principle, the same. The faith of Abraham, for example, held in its comprehensive grasp all the truths and doctrines that were afterward revealed by Christ. In faith, the patriarch saw His day and was glad.

It follows, therefore, that what we have called the first equivalents of the proposition that faith admits of reformation, are logical and real equivalents. For reformation, in its very idea, implies change. But if faith is one and immutable, it cannot be changed, nor consequently be reformed. Furthermore, the idea of reformation is antagonistic to the idea of faith considered as an assent to the revelation of God. The rejection of one article is virtually the rejection of all, for all, as supposed, have the same divine warrant for their truth. It is absurd to dissent from one doctrine of the Church, and, at the same time, to assent to every other doctrine as infallibly taught. Such a believer has not faith in its true and logical sense. "He does not adhere to the Church, but to his own will." He is a self-contradiction, for, whilst believing in the infallibility of the Church as regards all other doctrines, he rejects this infallibility by rejecting one, as he overturns the foundation on which his faith, or rather opinion regarding the others, rests.* Hence, any reformation or change of faith affects its unity and immutability, and consequently nullifies assent, certitude, divine authority, everything, in fact, expressed by the word faith.

The proof of the second set of the propositions that are equivalent

* St. Thomas, 2:2; q. 50, a. 6. † Ib., q. 1, a. 1.
‡ Eph. 4. § Irem. adv. palv. l. 1.

* V. St. Thom. 22, q. 1, a. 3.

to "reformation," is perhaps more obvious than the proof of the first. It is clearly abhorrent to Christian sensibility to suppose that Christ taught His truths so carelessly and imperfectly, and established so untrustworthy a medium for their communication, as to render it necessary for men to reform, improve, and alter indefinitely His system of doctrine and morals. It is a gross imputation on the Divine wisdom of Him who praised the man that built his house upon a rock, to think that He built His Church upon the sands, exposed to the beating of the storms of error, the inroads of falsehood, and the decay and rottenness of superstition. It is repugnant to the mind of even the child that has heard of the loving-kindness of the Saviour who blessed and caressed the little ones, that He was so indifferent to the spiritual needs of the race for whom He died, as to suffer them, not to come to Him, but to wander after any knave that had a glib tongue, or could read the Bible. Yet all this is what "reformation" means.

The bare contemplation of the compassion of Christ, aside from any study of His words or acts, in reference to the Church, is sufficient to show that He would have established some channel through which His doctrines, truths, and history should go down, pure and undefiled, to the end of the world. Hence to our mind, the denial of the infallibility of the Church is a virtual denial of His Divinity, in view of the blasphemous notions concerning His wisdom, that force themselves upon one who contemplates the direful fate of the world were it bereft of an unerring teacher of faith and morals. Of what avail would the Scriptures be without such a teacher? "Jupiter," says a profane infidel, "sent to earth a box which contained all the bodily and temporal ills that have ever tormented mankind. The God of the Christians has sent us a book (the Bible) which contains all the mental insanity, spiritual diseases, and infernal crimes of the ten thousand warring sects that now curse the world." What a sneering commentary on the words of the Apostle! (2 Pet. 3 : 16.)

But our Redeemer gave us the crowning proof of His Divinity by establishing the Church as the tribunal of doctrine and the judge of all matters of faith. To her He confided the deposit. On her, as morally represented in the person of the Apostles and their head, He bestowed the great commission of teaching whatsoever He commanded, assuring her that He would be with her to the end of time. He left in her hands all power, even as the Father in sending Him, had given Him all dominion in heaven and earth. He drew up no code of laws for her guidance, because she was to be ruled by the Paraclete teaching her all the truth. He wrote no book of counsels, or precepts, or doctrines, for her living voice should utter nought but truth. He left her no tables of stone with carved and chiselled commands, for He, the Prophet greater than Moses, would speak through her, not to a single tribe of men, but to all the nations of the earth. He simply bade her teach to every creature what He had com-

manded, and comforted her with the promise of His abiding presence with her all days.

If, then, the faith of the Church can be reformed, which implies that she has erred, it follows that Christ, contrary to His sworn promise, has abandoned, repudiated, and cast her off. He is therefore not God, for, when the Church erred, He either would not or could not keep His word—either of which suppositions is irreconcilable with the idea of Divinity.

By placing in the possession of the Church the complete supervision and control of His doctrines, Christ also empowered her to define and explain each one of them according as it became a subject of doubt or dispute in the religious world. The progress or unfolding of the faith was thus to be gradual, a process observable in all the divine works. The Protestant writer, Butler, in his "Analogy," which traces the resemblances between God's works in the supernatural order and those in the natural, beautifully illustrates this idea.* Heresy generally brings out into striking clearness and force a doctrine which up to the time of attack was in comparative obscurity; just as, to use a homely illustration, a jeweller will take from his casket a precious stone, and holding it up to the sunlight will show it shimmering and gleaming in its purity and faultlessness, to a customer that has questioned its genuineness. "Many things," says St. Augustine, "that belong to the Catholic faith are inquired into more diligently, understood more clearly, and proclaimed more loudly when crafty heretics begin to attack them."* St. Thomas gives us the philosophy of this gradual exposition of the faith: "In substance, the number of the articles of faith does not increase with time, for we now believe what was contained implicitly in the faith of our fathers; but in explication or unfolding, the number of articles does increase, because certain doctrines of faith are now believed explicitly which, in former times, were held only implicitly."

To illustrate this idea in the case of a dogma, let us take the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. In defining this, Pope Pius IX only gave expression to the faith which had been handed down through all past centuries; the faith which, in the dawn of Christianity, had taught the sinlessless of the gracious and venerable Mother of the Lord; which had moved the great Doctors of the Church to speak reverently of her as one single in her immaculate purity; which had guided the instincts of the faithful in all time to regard as wholly undefiled, the woman blessed above all other creatures in her fulness of grace; the potent Virgin who had crushed the serpent's head. He but confirmed the Christian thinking of all antiquity. He but re-echoed the voice of the Church Catholic, whose utterances had been heard at Ephesus, Chalcedon, and Trent. His was but the happy privilege to combine and concentrate into a halo the scattered rays of this divine truth which sparkle in the sacred Scriptures and the traditions of the Church, and to

* Analogy, p. 2.

* De Civ. Dei, l. 16.

set it, in fuller radiance, upon the brow of the Immaculate Queen. Every definition in which the Church embodied her divinely taught conception of the stainless purity of the Mother of God, her divine maternity, her exemption from actual sin,* her special claims on the special veneration of the faithful, affirmed indirectly faith in her Immaculate Conception. For the belief that Mary was once defiled by original sin, once the slave of the demon, and an outcast from God, would have detracted immeasurably from the force of such definitions, chilled the ardor of the devotion of the faithful, and dampened the joy with which the Church has always celebrated the Virgin's feasts. As for Papal Infallibility, it was affirmed by the perpetual action of the Church aside entirely from its express declaration by Fathers, Councils, Synods, and the voice and heart of the faithful in all time. It is in the very nature and essence of the Primacy, faith in which necessarily implies faith in the infallibility of the Primate.

This increase in the expository parts of the creed, the substance of the articles always remaining the same, is further illustrated by the symbols or confessions of faith which the Church at times has issued. Thus the creed which indubitable tradition ascribes to the Apostles sketches the broad outlines of the whole system of Christian faith. The Nicene symbol more diffusely explains the doctrine of the Church on the Divinity of Christ and that of the Holy Spirit. The Athanasian creed embodies the doctrines on the Trinity and the Incarnation. Later, the creed of Pius IV defines the doctrine of the Church in opposition to the Protestant heresy. In a critical examination of these various confessions we can trace the ceaseless care of the Church to keep and defend the faith once delivered to the saints. Being as each is the touchstone of the faith, the Church pronounces her anathema (as in the Council of Ephesus) on any private man or body of men that presume to change or in any wise interfere with a symbol, which she alone has the power to enlarge, not in substance of course, but in fuller explanation.

If the Protestants or the "Liberal" party that patronize Dollinger and Hyacinthe, would spend the time they pass in groaning over the Church's inability "to keep pace with the times," in the study of this beautiful and harmonious unfolding of the faith, they would stand amazed at the thorough insight which the Church has ever had into every phase of human thought and mental life. The study of her creeds alone is the study of the human mind since the time of Christ. There is no assertion so absurd and ridiculous as the one we now hear, that the Church does not understand modern ideas, and is wholly unfitted by old age to measure their worth, or pronounce upon them with any certainty of judgment. Paradoxical as it sounds, precedent and facts prove that she understands the modern mind, with its hopes and fears, its strength and its weakness, its needs and its danger, better than the mind itself does. Time will show the wisdom of her mode of dealing with the

* Trent did not define this categorically, but no Catholic disputes it.

errors of the present day. The twentieth century will laugh at the philosophy of the nineteenth for rejecting the Syllabus, just as we laugh now at the nations that refused to adopt the Gregorian calendar because it came from the Pope.

Having shown that the faith of the Church is irreformable, and so disposed of Dollinger, let us examine the case of the cowled monk, who objects to the discipline of the Church on the subject of clerical celibacy. It is much to be feared that the gallant *pere* has personal reasons for his strong antipathy to this discipline. The Church is certainly to be blamed for her dilatoriness in settling this delicate point to the satisfaction of the gentleman and his intended; for this absurd delay on the part of the Church is, we are informed, the very reason why Dollinger declines to grace the friar's wedding with his venerable presence. The only resource left Hyacinthe is to get married, and then appeal to a General Council. If he intends to wait until the Church changes the discipline, we advise the lady to dissolve the engagement on the theological ground that *mora diuturna solvit sponsalia.* Hyacinthe knows well that the Church will never abolish the discipline which dates from Apostolic times,* and which is in full harmony with the scriptural and the rational view of the holy ministry. It is not, however, this or that point of discipline which we purpose defending, but it is the teaching of the Church on the principle itself.

* Con. Ap., l. b. c., 17.

The idea expressed by the term church discipline is very comprehensive. It takes in the whole external *status* and administration of the Church; such as rites, ecclesiastical laws, fasts, liturgies, &c. Christ placed no limit to her action in these matters, and this unconditional transfer of power is another evidence of His divine wisdom. The Church was destined to pass through every stage of persecution and prosperity, and to come into contact with every class of men, every phase of life, every kind of nationality, and every variety of circumstance. Were she hampered by one unvarying disciplinary code, she could not "become all to all, in order to gain all." Hence, her founder in constituting St. Peter the supreme executive of the Church, gave him expressly the amplest power of binding and loosing—a power afterward bestowed upon the other Apostles, in the presence, and under the jurisdiction of St. Peter. The exercise of this power by the Apostles, is seen in the substitution of Sunday for Saturday, as the Lord's day; in the consecration of certain portions of the year to fasting and prayer; in the composition of the liturgies and the principal ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice; in sacramental rites, and, generally, in kindred disciplinary matters, which, being found uniform throughout the Church, in all ages, are by St. Augustine's rule, referred to apostolic institution.

Still, we are not to conclude from her power of changing discipline, that the Church exercises it arbitrarily or causelessly. Most Protestants, and even some Catholics,

are under the delusion that the widest difference in discipline exists in the Church. Nothing is falser. It is with extreme reluctance that she permits any departure from the letter of her disciplinary canons, especially those regarding the details of the regimen of the Church, the administration of the sacraments, and any ceremonial of an important or ancient character. The phrase, "reform of discipline," may have given rise to a false impression, as it is an ambiguous substitute for "restoration of discipline." Thus, the disciplinary decrees of the Council of Trent are, in the main, only the renewal and reaffirmation of the old discipline. Even the change in the penitentiary canons of the ancient church is one, not of kind, but of degree.

But we find that we have devoted to the two modern reformers of faith and discipline, more space than they deserve. Fifty, nay, twenty years hence, some reader looking over the old volumes of the RECORD, may light on this article, and, as he reads he will say: "Why, who were these two 'reformers' about whom so much is said? Their memory has perished."

THE MONK'S STORY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Unless a man says in his heart, I and my God are the only two in the world, he will not have rest."—ABBOT ALLONIUS.

A MAN of youthful appearance, clad in the Benedictine habit, was seated in a cool and pleasant cloister, whither the spring breeze carried countless fragrant odors from the adjacent garden, and where were heard the clear, silvery voices of the youthful choristers rehearsing a melodious chant in the chapel choir. At short intervals the young monk was seized with a violent cough, which racked his whole frame, and caused the rosary he was chaining to fall from his emaciated hands; but when the paroxysm, and the pain attendant upon it passed away, he would raise his eyes devoutly and exclaim: "I thank Thee, O my God, for every token that I shall soon be dissolved, and be with Thee!"

Presently the voices in the choir sang out in jubilant strain the "Gloria;" then the singing ceased; the sound of many footsteps passing through a distant corridor came and died away, and profound stillness fell over the cloister, to be broken, a few moments later, by the tread of two men, who approached the invalid monk, and were greeted by him with a gentle smile.

"Father Eulogius," said the elder of the new comers, who was a venerable-looking man, also in religious garb, "I have brought a former pupil of yours to receive consolation of whatever kind he needs from your lips. Since he has entered the class under my charge his frequent spells of sadness and depression have caused me great concern; and within the last week he has been so singularly cast down that in my anxiety I spoke of the matter

to our Father Prior, who bade me bring him to you; a command which has not distressed our young friend, for he has seemed of lighter heart since we started together to seek you."

"I am indeed happy to see you able to have left the infirmary this afternoon, dear father," said the monk's companion, a young man of about twenty, as he pressed a kiss upon the extended hand of Father Eulogius; "and it gives me great pleasure to be permitted to pass some time in conversing with you."

"And may God send you relief from the spirit of sadness that holds you in thrall," said the older monk; "and now, wishing you a blessing, I leave you to the gentle ministrations of Father Eulogius."

"Father," said the young man, when he was alone with the invalid—and a shade of reproach stole into his voice—"have you shared my secret with the reverend prior?"

"God forbid, Cyril; although the secret of your soul was confided to me only in friendly conversation, yet it was as sacred as though revealed to me under the inviolable seal: but, my dear son, it is a secret easily guessed. I have frequently heard our Father Prior, and other fathers of the house, say that they thought you called to our holy order; and they attribute your occasional defection to the struggle between the two voices in your soul: the one calling you to serve God; the other, reminding you of the ties of kindred."

"They have judged aright," answered Cyril, with a sigh. "Now that my collegiate career draws to a close, and the time for my solemn choice approaches, my soul is in a state of torture. I know that my family, strong in their faith, fervent in their piety, would not dare to oppose my desire of devoting my days to the service of God: but oh, how could I leave forever that lovely home circle; my cherished mother, whose many virtues have drawn the hearts of her children so closely to her; my honored father, who has ever been 'beloved of God and man;' my brother, so generous, so noble; my sister, beautiful and gifted! The struggle seems to be wearing out my heart!"

"Cyril, have you never thought how probable it is that this sweet union which reigns now in your family may one day be broken? Have you reflected on the changes that time and circumstance may make with the human heart, so sadly mutable!"

"Father, I have thought and reflected until my mind is weary. Dear friends, you have never known what it is to suffer as I suffer; you, whose family ties were all dissolved ere you gave yourself up to God; you, who were the last of your race."

"Cyril, say no more," said Father Eulogius, laying his hand gently on the arm of the youth. "You mistake, my son, when you say that the bonds of kindred that bound me to earth were all sundered by death before I embraced a religious life. I am now the last of my family; but then—"

For an instant some painful memory threw a shadow over the pale face of Father Eulogius; but he soon regained his usual placid expression, and continued:

"Our Father Prior bade me relate to you my history, Cyril, and

as our time is limited until the bell rings for vespers, I must hasten my recital. God grant it to be efficacious in warning you against all inordinate attachments, and that it impress upon your soul those words of the Abbot Allonius; words that every religious man who would live up to the spirit of his holy vocation should consider: 'Unless a man says in his heart, I and my God are the only two in the world, he will not have rest.'"

"My brother Martin, who was two years my senior, and myself were brought up by a mother to whom might have been applied the praise spoken of the valiant woman in the Scripture; for although my father, whom she tenderly loved, was destitute of all religious sentiment, and in the period in which she lived, and in the society in which my father obliged her to mingle, her religion was an object of contempt and hatred; yet she not only firmly persevered in its practice, but caused Martin and me to be baptized in our infancy, and labored to instil an ardent love of Catholic faith into our souls until the very day of her death, which took place when Martin was fifteen and I was twelve years of age. But she left us the priceless inheritance of a deep devotion to our faith, and a spirit of piety which we felt that nothing earthly could destroy.

"Our father did not oppose our continuance in the faith our mother taught us. He was a stern haughty man, and I think took pleasure in defying the opinion of the world, which regarded with horror his conduct in this respect.

"Predominant in the hearts of Martin and myself, after our love for our faith, was our love for each other. I do not know whether Martin's feelings of affection towards me were as strong as mine towards him, for he possessed the cold stern nature of our father, while I was affectionate and trusting like our mother, and I regarded Martin in his superior physical strength, in his beauty and intellectual power, as one whose equal could not be found; he constantly occupied my thoughts, and even in my dreams my mind dwelt fondly upon him.

"A year after my mother's death, my father announced his intention of taking us to Europe, in order to place us at a German university.

"This event caused us no distress; since our mother's death our home had not been very bright, and we felt that if we had each other, life would always be fair to us; at least I felt thus, and Martin affected to do so, and his sincerity I never dreamed of doubting.

"Before going to Leipsic, where we were to be educated, our father travelled with us through the principal cities of the Old World; for the avowed purpose of showing us how beautiful was the world which he had chosen for his paradise. Young as I was, these sentiments shocked me; but Martin bade me not take them to heart, since our father did not strive to force us to adopt them. This journey was not a pleasant one to me, for my frail constitution suffered much from the inevitable fatigue of rapid travel; but of Martin, whose health it seemed to improve, it was a continual source of enjoyment. My indisposition increased gradually,

and the physicians advised my return to my native land, so that when we arrived at Leipsic my father placed Martin at the university, after commending him particularly to an influential American friend of our family who was residing there while his sons received an education at the same university, and took me home with him, notwithstanding my passionate entreaties to be permitted to remain with Martin, even at the risk of my life.

"Some months passed after my return before my grief at being separated from Martin was lulled; and even then the thought of him was always in my heart, and I wrote to him as frequently as possible. My health improving rapidly, my father engaged a competent tutor for me, and my education went on in my own home.

"It seemed as if God, wishing to console me in my loneliness, placed this young tutor in my path, for we were really kindred souls. He was a Catholic, and of a deeply religious nature, which led him to desire to dedicate his life to God in the order of St. Benedict, but his duties towards an aged mother detained him in the world. As we became confidants, he spoke frequently to me of the happiness of a religious vocation, and at times I felt similar sentiments filling my soul, but the thought of Martin extinguished the spark at once. One day my tutor said to me: 'I think that you, too, are called to a monastic life; when it pleases God to enable me to accomplish my design, will you not come with me to that peaceful abode, wherein I hope to end my days?'

"'But I am too young to decide so important a matter,' I said, evasively; 'I am not yet twenty.'

"'According to the decision of the Church, you are not too young to decide in such an affair,' he answered; 'but your minority would be an obstacle as regards your father; he does not feel the obligation that a Catholic parent would of placing no obstacle in your road in this matter, and while you are yet under his control it might be impossible for you to take such a step, but after that?'

"'After that, Basil,' I answered smiling, 'I have my dear, dear Martin. How could I ever quit "the beloved brother," as you call him?'

"'Perhaps he would accompany you.'

"'Oh, no!' I cried, 'I would not wish that; in the cloister our hearts would seem chained; such love as ours would be contrary to the rigid spirit of detachment, a religious is called to practice.'

"'Pardon me for mentioning the matter to you,' said Basil, 'but sometimes I fear for your brother. Many a pure pious heart has been wrecked at those German universities; a young man of religious tendencies is in a dangerous position there, from the bad example of infidel tendencies and vicious habits he meets among his fellow students, and in the society into which he is thrown beyond the walls of the university. But your letters, breathing such a devout spirit, may counteract the evil influence of these wretched examples. Does your brother seem to take as much delight in his religion as you do?'

"'He writes very seldom of such things,' I answered; 'his letters are filled with glowing descriptions of the pleasures of student life, but his reticence on this point never annoys me; for I deem Martin to be of a more uncommunicative nature than I am on the subject of religious emotions; and I never doubt for an instant that he is firm in his faith, and loyal to the devotions our dear mother taught us. Oh, if I thought he had wandered away from God it would break my heart: it is our mutual faith that renders our love so strong.'

"'Do not disquiet yourself,' said Basil, 'I have only expressed fears that may never be realized; but pray much for this beloved brother, that God may keep his heart inclined aright.'

"My dear tutor never came to me again. The day after the conversation I have repeated, his mother died suddenly, and as soon as possible he fulfilled his pious desire of entering a monastery.

"I was beginning to look for one to fill his place, when my father was smitten with a dangerous illness, so that my whole attention had to be given to him. When he was first taken ill I wished to summon Martin, but he forbade me, as he did not realize his danger, and would not have Martin interrupted so near to the time he would graduate. But my poor parent was soon forced to see that his end was near: his physicians formally announced his danger; and he prepared to settle his estate. To all my entreaties that he would think of his soul he refused to listen.

"It had ever been a custom in our family to hand down the entire estate to the eldest son. My father offered to do otherwise, and leave me joint heir with Martin; but I refused, and persuaded him to bequeath it entirely to my dear brother. A small property that I inherited from my mother was all I wished to retain. I held my brother's generosity and nobility of character beyond a doubt.

"Three days after signing his will, at the very hour appointed for Martin to receive his degree in a far off land, my father expired. Martin was summoned at once, but as it would be some weeks before he could reach home, and I was sick with grief at my father's death—grief greatly aggravated by the reflection that he had so neglected his eternal welfare—I left home after the funeral, and went to spend some days in the monastery that my friend Basil had entered.

"I found him very happy in his choice; and while I remained in the monastery the inclination to embrace a religious life, that had at times arisen in my soul, grew strong; and I told Basil at parting that had I not so powerful an attraction to the world in the shape of my dear brother, I would be very happy to remain with him.

"'I have always thought that you were designed by Heaven to lead our life,' he answered, gravely, 'beware, my friend, of loving your brother more than you love God.'

"'Oh, do not place the matter in such a light!' I said, shuddering.

"'It impresses me so,' he answered; 'your brother is older than you are, and possesses a large fortune; he is, therefore, quite able to take care of himself; you have no reasonable excuse for devoting

your life to him, when God calls you to so high a destiny.'

"'He is certainly not dependent upon my care, Basil, but I do not wish to leave him because of the mutual love we bear each other; I wish to enjoy the pleasure of his society.'

"In answer he quoted the words of the Abbot Allonius, that I repeated to you, Cyril, at the beginning of this history. The very quintessence of asceticism the words of that saint of the desert seemed to me then, of an asceticism which was too stern for modern hearts, and had, therefore, passed away with the days of sanctity whose spirit it represented. Yet they haunted me; they pursued me in my reveries about my brother, in my conjectures as to the changes that years had made in his appearance; and they quenched the flame of pride that glowed in my heart, when I thought of the marvellous progress he had made in his studies, and of the honors that had been conferred upon him.

"'Why should those words of Basil's haunt me so persistently?' I cried impatiently. 'How can dear Martin stand between me and rest, or peace, or happiness? Am I not looking forward to him to prove my greatest earthly joy and blessing?'

"When Martin arrived I was overpowered with gladness. I forgot my grief for my father; and the warning words of Basil faded from my mind. My brother had grown to be strikingly handsome in form and feature, and was a prodigy in intellect and learning; if exalted honors had been bestowed upon him they were well merited. But his manner had changed; he had become harsh, brusque, and cynical; all the old kindness with which he had treated me had vanished, and he seemed to regard me with illy concealed impatience. The only time that he testified any of his former affection towards me was when our lawyer informed him of my conduct when my father consulted me about the arrangement of his will; then he acknowledged in warm terms what he pronounced a most generous sacrifice on my part, and assured me that I should never repent my confidence in him.

"After a while another painful fact forced itself upon my notice: Martin seemed no longer attached to devotion. It is true he went to Mass on Sundays with me, but it was with evident reluctance and apparently to satisfy me; but he never seemed to think of daily devotion, and as to those religious subjects upon which we had once conversed with such pleasure he never spoke of them, and whenever I broached them I could see by his impatience that they were disagreeable to him.

"Six months after his return he told me that, as he considered our period of mourning had expired, he would attend a levee given by a lady, whom he had visited in Europe, and who, on her return home, had remembered him, and sent him an invitation, which included any friends he might select; and he invited me to accompany him.

"I accepted this invitation gladly, for I inferred from his manner of speaking of the lady that he was attached to her, and I was anxious to see the one upon whom his choice had fallen. He informed me that

she was beautiful and of exalted station; and I pictured to myself a woman whose virtues equalled her loveliness, and who employed the influence which her high position commanded in doing good. Such a one only, I felt sure, could take captive my brother's heart.

"On the evening designated, I accompanied my brother to a splendid mansion, which he told me was the residence of Dora Montmorenci, the lady who was to be our hostess for the evening.

"We entered a large parlor, sumptuously furnished; and a lady, faultlessly beautiful, and arrayed in a style of great elegance, bade us welcome.

"When, after paying our respects, we gave way to others, my heart was beating painfully, and I prayed God to forbid that Miss Montmorenci should ever become my brother's wife; for in her face, with all its beauty, I saw nothing pleasing. Pride, ambition, an utter lack of principle, were all I could read there; and when a circle formed around her, and she began to converse, my unpleasant impression was confirmed; her remarks breathed nothing but impiety and skepticism. Possessing intelligence rather above the average, she assumed the character of a woman of profound intellect and innumerable attainments, whose lofty mind looked down contemptuously upon absurd ideas that had long held the world in ignominious bondage. Among these injurious theories she classed the doctrines of Christianity, and spoke of them with the utmost contempt.

"With the very first who arose to leave, I signified to Martin my desire to retire; and he acquiesced with considerable reluctance.

"'What a wretched woman!' I exclaimed, when we reached the street.

"'Wretched!' he echoed, indignantly; 'what do you mean by that?'

"'Martin,' I said seriously, 'a woman who is an avowed infidel is a wretched object in my sight, and, I should hope, in yours also. Politeness bade me let her remarks pass uncontradicted, but I trust in God that none of the company supposed that I assented to the heathenish opinions she expressed. I was shocked to think that a lady, for such she is in position, if not in sentiment, should so debase her mind as to make it the harbor of such unbecoming ideas.'

"'You have lived so long in seclusion, and your mind is so confirmed in the wretched habit of running ever in the same grooves, that you cannot tolerate freedom or latitude of thought in others,' was his cold answer. 'When you mingle more with the world your mind will expand, and you will view matters in a more liberal light.'

"'You are holding forth a strong inducement for me to remain ever in solitude, dear brother,' I said; but I felt like one stunned, for his words made a direful revelation to me. Alas! this was only the commencement of my trials. Every day my brother took occasion to sneer covertly at religion and devotion. He ceased going to Mass altogether; and he informed me openly that he constantly visited Miss Montmorenci. Vain were my many endeavors to bring him back to the path from which he had strayed. He disdained my argu-

ments, scorned my exhortations, absented himself from the house when I invited thither ecclesiastics whose influence and conversation I had hoped would have a favorable impression upon him; and when I appealed to his feelings, and recalled the memory of our mother, he invariably became indignant and left me.

"Still my heart yearned towards him as fondly as ever, and I prayed with all the fervor of my soul for God to soften his heart, and bring him back into the old happy ways.

"One day, when he had answered an appeal of mine with unusual contempt and bitterness, I felt a strange longing for Basil's sympathy, and again sought him.

"'Have you come to stay with us?' was his greeting.

"'Not yet, Basil; although I am weary enough of the world to quit it without hesitation,' I answered. Then I told him my sorrow.

"'Then why do you not abandon the world when its last tie has grown so painful?' he asked.

"'I may yet win Martin back; surely, he cannot always withstand my influence; he cannot always remain unmindful of our boyish love; he cannot forget that my affection for him led me to resign a fortune in his favor—though any sacrifice I could make for him would be light.'

"'Then why do you withhold the sacrifice of your life? If you offered it up to serve God in this order, it might plead powerfully in your brother's favor.'

"'I have said that I am weary of the world,' I cried, 'yet I cannot leave my cherished brother. God does not require us to make sacrifices beyond our strength. After all, Martin does not mingle much with the world; and he has not taken any stand before the public in these sentiments; therefore I have a glimmer of hope. When that dies, I will come and be your brother in Christ.'

"'Ah, I see,' said Basil, coldly, 'you will not give up your heart to God until it is broken. May His patience endure until then.'

"I did not return home at once. As it was summer, I made a short sojourn at a country village near the monastery; so in that way I was absent for a week. When I returned, the servants informed me that Martin had left home the day after my departure; but that morning they had received word to have the house put in order, and a feast prepared by evening. He had also sent a letter to me, which I found in the library. It ran as follows:

"'Brother: You cannot be surprised that I have not consulted you upon a step that I took three days ago—that of making Dora Montmorenci my wife. I knew your unwarrantable prejudices, and avoided all bitter discussion by settling the matter inevitably without your knowledge. Now you can but be silent, and that silence I enjoin strictly upon you. Necessity compels us at times to say harsh things; and I must remind you that by your own unsolicited act, you are, without my countenance, little more than a beggar; therefore, you see the expediency of behaving in a peaceable manner. I feel bound, in courtesy to my wife, to encourage the peculiar opinions that she upholds, and to make my house the gathering-place for a large party

whose views coincide with hers. I will tell you now, for the first time, that I met Dora while a student at Leipsic, and from her learned to throw aside those shackles of belief that hold you in so painful a thraldom. I beg you for your own sake to heed my warning. If you fail to do so, I assure you that you will find me intolerant. 'MARTIN.'

"As I laid the letter aside with a feeling of despair, I was conscious of the bustle and noise that accompanies an important arrival going on below; and before I could reach the door to investigate the matter, it was opened, and my brother entered with his bride. She looked at me in haughty surprise, for I did not salute her; and as I answered her gaze, a sense of the evil she had done me came over my mind, making her in all her brilliant beauty seem so shallow, so heartless, so erring, that I said to Martin, in a tone of anguish:

"'Brother, why have you sacrificed yourself?'

"My sister-in-law grew white with rage. 'Is this the greeting that meets me on my entrance to my husband's home? an insult, and that from the lips of his brother!' she cried.

"'Wretched bigot!' exclaimed my brother, trembling with anger. 'Has your fanaticism led you so far as to insult a woman, and she my wife, and mistress of the house that harbors you? I assured you of my intolerance should you despise my warning; see how I keep my word.'

"He strode to a cabinet near by, took from the drawer a folded paper that I recognized as a deed of the property I inherited from my mother, and thrust it into my hand.

"'Take that—your all,' he said, 'and go. Never attempt to enter this house, or to speak to me again!'

"I left the house at once. Bewildered as I was, I felt that this terrible trial was a punishment for allowing my love for Martin to lead me to slight the voice of God. I went again to Basil, and told him that his words had come true. I had only a broken heart to offer to God. But he received me with the utmost kindness, and consoled me gently in my sorrows. After a time of probation, I was admitted to the novitiate, and a month after having that happiness, I heard that my unfortunate brother had been suddenly killed by a railroad accident, while on his way to attend an infidel meeting."

Large teardrops were trickling down Father Eulogius's cheeks, and as he brushed them away he turned to his young friend and asked:

"Cyril, do you still pause between God and your family?"

"No, my father," said the young man, in an humbled tone. "I will offer my life to God ere the trials of the world force me to do so. I will speak to the reverend prior tomorrow."

The bell for vespers sounded, and the infirmarian appeared to assist Father Eulogius to the infirmary, while Cyril, no longer sad, went to fulfil the duties of the hour. Three months later Father Eulogius was laid to rest among his brethren, and Cyril wore the dress of a novice, and had received in religion the name of his departed friend, whose warning had corrected his wa-

vering between God and his family. Under the cross in his cell this young aspirant to religious perfection wrote these words, which he made a frequent subject of meditation: "Unless a man says in his heart, I and my God are the only two in the world, he will not have rest."

A VISION.

I.

My heart was heavy in me, as I roamed
The village graveyard thro' one summer night;
The moon above was struggling with the clouds,
And shed upon the graves a sickly light.
I sat me down upon a grassy mound,
And thought of all the friends that lay beneath
Those carvèd blocks of monumental stone,
Chilled by the icy hand of cruel Death;
And thought that soon myself would lie there too,
And that, perchance, the idle passer-by
Would pause before *my* grave, to read the verse
Inscribed upon *my* tombstone, e'en as I
Gazed on the graves of those who died before;
And, as I thought, I scarce a groan suppressed,
Then sadly bowed my head upon my knees,
And faintly murmured as I sank to rest,
"All, all is sad!"

II.

I slept, and as I slept, my heart grew light,
A heavy mist seemed from my mind to rise;
My ears were greeted with the sweetest sounds
Of dulcet music, and, before my eyes,
There rose the loveliest sight I e'er beheld;
Methought I caught a glimpse of Heaven, and
Seated therein, I saw the friends I mourned
Crowned with celestial flowers—a happy band—
Singing the praises of the Lord of Hosts;
And, as they sang, they stretched their arms to me,
And beckoned to me, till I wished I could
One single, blissful moment with them be.
The vision passed away, but still, methought,
I heard them sing, "Rejoice with us, rejoice!"
And then I woke, a happier, wiser man,
Exclaiming in a loud and cheerful voice,
"All, all is joy!"

THE HOME OF THE EXILED STUARTS.

The papers and letters of the "Chevalier St. George," as he was styled, and of other members of the unfortunate House of Stuart, are in the possession of Her Majesty, and at present occupy the shelves of one large room adjoining the Royal library at Windsor Castle. The Queen intrusted the work of arranging these MSS. to her late librarian, Mr. Woodward, whom she would often visit on a Sunday afternoon; and as often as she saw him, she never failed to ask "how he was getting on with his labors?" One day she added, playfully, "I half envy you your work, Mr. Woodward; the fact is I am really and truly, though you might not fancy it, a devoted admirer of the House of Stuart." "And I, Madame," was the ready reply, well worthy of a courtier, and not out of keeping with the librarian's Protestant convictions—"am a devoted admirer of the House of Brunswick."

And how came our Queen to be so touched with reverence for the Stuarts? The answer is plain. Though a queen, she has the tender sympathies of a woman; and her sympathies were stirred up into activity by a visit which she paid not many years ago to the Palace of St. Germain-en-Laye, for a century the home of the exiled Stuarts—in company with the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French.

The palace, or as it is styled the Château, of St. Germain is one of those relics of the middle ages, which happily the vile "philosophes" and communists of France failed to destroy amid the wreck of that late wicked revolution by which they will ever stand disgraced in the pages of history. And happily we are enabled to describe this château for the benefit of our readers, by the aid of a chapter in one of the pleasantest and most interesting books of the season, Mr. A. E. Challice's *Memories of French Palaces.*

In the château is a little chapel or oratory in which James II is said to have spent a very large part of his declining years, not merely in vain regrets for the loss of his English throne, but in the practice of true and sincere penance for the sins of his youth and early manhood, and in preparing himself for that great change which must one day come to all men, whether they be rich or poor, kings or paupers, old or young. "In that oratory," says Mr. Challice, "the present queen of England . . . . . lingered with an evident sentiment of that sympathy and respect which a liberal mind cannot fail to feel for misfortune and for individuals who have brought misfortune on themselves by self-sacrificing acts of mistaken judgment."

But to pass back to the château at an earlier date. By the aid of Mr. Challice as our *cicerone*, we find that it had a history of its own, even while the Stuarts were seated on the throne of England.

It stands on a high and lofty situation, on the edge of a noble park, on the left bank of the Seine, about fourteen miles west-northwest

of Paris. It is a gloomy five-sided castle, two stories in height, and somewhat Italian in the style of its architecture. The great charm of the place, however, is its magnificent terrace, more than a mile and a half in length, which commands a prospect, perhaps unsurpassed in the neighborhood of Paris.

The château owed its erection—in its present shape at least—to Francis I, the great rival of the Emperor Charles V. He, it is said, planned the erection of the château on forest land, upon a site where, in the eleventh century, a monastery had been founded by his predecessor, King Robert. Its early history is closely connected with that of his daughter-in-law, Catherine de Médicis, who, in spite of her great faults as a woman, showed her fitness for the crown of a queen consort and regent of France, by encouraging Italian artists, such as Benvenuto Cellini, and architects and engineers—if the term be suited to the makers of roads and bridges in that day—to settle down in the land of her adoption. Much of her life was spent within the walls of this palace; and under her regency, and during the reigns of her sons, and even during that of Louis XIII, the "Court of St. Germain" was the usual style assumed by royalty in France. In middle life Louis XIII resorted hither, in order to indulge the pleasures of the chase; here Richelieu and Cardinal Mazarin in turn held sway in the councils of France; during his reign his consort, Anne of Austria, spent her days here; and here, after twenty years of childless married life, she gave birth to Louis XIV, who was baptized in the chapel of the castle. Hither too Louis XIII retired in his later years to make his peace with heaven, and to seek that happiness which, king though he was, he had never found on earth. It was here that he lived during his last illness; and during the many months while death was slowly approaching, here he would sit or lie in the window of a chamber which looked across the forest to St. Denis, whither he knew that one day he would have to be carried to join his ancestors who had gone thither already. Here too he died, with his last breath forgiving the failings and frailties of his queen. It is said that on being removed hither for better air, he pointed out the line by which his own funeral cortége would pass, remarking a part where the road was bad and recommending that it should be avoided. It is also stated that during his illness he had composed for himself the music of the *De Profundis* which was sung in the room immediately after his death, as is the custom.

Louis XIV, however, like a man who lived for pleasure and for this world only, and whose thoughts were fixed on earthly glories, not on those of heaven, disliked the château, if for no other reason, because it commanded a view of St. Denis. And so, after the death of his mother, who had lived here while holding the regency in his youth, he resolved to make for himself and for his successors a fresh home at Versailles; and from that day forth we read in French history, not of the Court of St. Germain, but of the Court of Versailles and of the Tuilleries.

It will be remembered by Eng-

lish readers that Henrietta Maria, wife of our own first Charles, was forced to fly for safety to France during her husband's troubles. It may not, however, be known generally, though Mr. Challice reminds us of the fact, that she found a refuge at St. Germain, in company with Anne of Austria and her children, the "Great Condé," the Duke of Orleans, and Cardinal Mazarin. We also learn from Mr. Challice that the English Queen, while staying there, though a daughter of the House of France, was in such distress that "she was obliged to remain in bed by day as well as by night, because she had no fire to warm her." On the same authority we are informed that when Charles II arrived as an exile in France, it was at St. Germain that he found a home along with his widowed mother.

Here the whole after-life of James II was spent from the day when he quitted the shores of England. Here, by the kindness of his brother king, "le Grand Monarque," he kept at least the shadow of a royal court; and here were planned the two risings and invasions of England and Scotland by which he and his son sought to regain his hereditary crown. Here too lived the faithful and attached band of his followers, the Drummonds, Earls and Dukes of Perth and Melfort, the Gordons, the Ogilvies, and other Scottish exiles, to whom its walls gave shelter for just a century. Here too the king himself died; and it may be interesting to know, though Mr. Challice omits to tell us so, that his ashes lie buried in the church hard by, where a monument was erected to his memory by George IV, and repaired and restored by Queen Victoria.

During the late unhappy war, the noble château was unharmed by the Prussian soldiery, and served as a barrack for troops and a hospital for wounded soldiers. We may be pardoned for adding that, although the present Earl of Perth—now the head and representative of the loyal-hearted Drummonds—was not born at St. Germain, yet his sister, Lady Clementina Davies, who is still living, first saw the light of day in one of the state-rooms of the château, just before her parents had been driven out of its hospitable walls by the *philosophes*, who were the real authors of the first French Revolution.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Power!
Still more tremendous for Thy wondrous love,
That arms, with awe more awful, Thy commands;
And foul transgression dipped in sevenfold guilt:
How our hearts tremble at Thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!—
Thou, rather than Thy justice should be stain'd,
Did'st stain the cross; and work of wonders far
The greatest, that Thy Dearest far might bleed.

ULTRAMONTANISM.

The epithet "Ultramontane" has of late become so fashionable among a certain class of writers, who use it indiscriminately to signify almost everything which they themselves dislike and disapprove of, that it requires considerable courage for even a Catholic author, if he wishes to gain a hearing to avow that he does not shrink from calling himself by this name, if it be properly understood. Ultramontanism is to many much what Christianity itself was to the inhabitants of Pagan Rome. We may almost apply to it the old saying about the Nile and the Tiber remaining or refusing to remain within their banks. As everything then was the fault of the Christians, so now everything is the fault of the Ultramontanes. We know not how many public calamities, and how many more imagined dangers, may have been set down to them; but it is certain that Ultramontanism is a word of a very inauspicious sound, a word the casual introduction of which into ordinary conversation throws a gloom and a chill, the presage of some mysterious and ill-defined mischief, over many a company, few of whose members have any clear idea of what is meant by the syllables which make them feel so uncomfortable.

It is, indeed, this very ignorance which gives the word Ultramontanism its most formidable character. There are certain difficult words in all dead languages, the sense of which can only be ascertained by a careful comparison of the various places in which they occur. Etymology does not, as it happens, help us, for their etymology is unknown; and we can only put passage by passage, author by author, and try to elicit a meaning which will square sufficiently well with all to be considered as established. The etymology of the word Ultramontane is said to have puzzled many good folk of intelligence, who have not agreed whether it means something very mountainous, something more than mountainous, or something over the mountains. We fear that if we were to proceed by induction, founded on the use of the word by modern writers, we should only change obscurity for perplexity. It is simply astonishing to count up the number of usages of this unhappy epithet; and as they frequently refer to persons, to organs, to lines of conduct, or to habits of thought, rather than to any definite and particular doctrine, it is not by any means easy to harmonize them into an intelligible commentary. "Ultramontane" is a word flung about at random by some writers and talkers, much as "subjective" and "objective," "transcendental," "æsthetic," "morbid," and the like are flung about by college under-graduates at the particular stage of their development which marks the transition from the schoolboy into the young man. This common usage may seem hardly to raise it above the rank of an expletive, like the "jolly," "awful," "stunning," or other words which young gentlemen

bring home from school for the astonishment of their sisters. It is impossible to tell how long it may be before it gets into the cookery-books and the magazines of fashion, as the qualification of artistic innovations in soups, cutlets, skirts, or chignons.

The wide and various use of the word of which we are speaking must of course be admitted to be the result of a good deal of ignorance, as well as of much exaggeration, and of not a little of that ingenious method of argumentative warfare which consists in the use of invidious epithets. There is no possible connection, for instance, between an opinion as to the literary fairness of a particular writer, or as to the legitimate interpretation of certain formulas of religion, and the vital and definite principles which lie at the foundation of that system of doctrine or of policy which is identified with the name Ultramontane. But it sounds badly, and so is a good stone to throw at an adversary. It is worth while also to remark that "Ultramontane" is at present a nickname; and that although, like many other such epithets, it may have been adopted for the sake of convenience by some of those to whom it has been applied by their opponents, it has also been frequently protested against, and it is in strictness unfair as well as rather unmeaning. The unfairness lies in this—that although in the special controversy against Gallicans there may, no doubt, have been on the Ultramontane side—so to call it—the maintenance of doctrines not absolutely and confessedly defined, the modern use of the word applies it far more widely, so that it is now made to designate the adherents of truths which belong to the class as to which Catholics cannot be divided into parties or schools.

If what are supposed to be the extravagant pretensions and large claims of Ultramontanism are examined dispassionately, we shall easily observe a circumstance which accounts in great measure for the charges made against it, and the same remark may be made of the arrogant and domineering spirit which is said to animate its representatives. The charges on both heads are such as might have been expected in the case of a central authority set up by divine right to rule and teach a community which embraces within its bounds every nation of the world. It is inevitable that, in the present state of the world, such an authority, however great the gentleness and considerate prudence with which it is wielded, should be felt as a yoke, a burden, and a restraint on individual and national independence. An institution like the Christian Priesthood or Episcopate cannot be set up and kept in operation among men without creating, as its inevitable shadow, some feeling, secret or open, of resistance, even among those who derive the greatest benefit from its ministrations, and are, in general, most grateful for them. In the same way, it is utterly inconceivable that there should have been, for eighteen centuries, a central power in the Christian Church, intrusted with the active supervision of the whole body and of every part of it, and charged with special duty of preserving among its members unity, charity, and orthodoxy,

and that such a power, if not allowed to fall into abeyance, should not make itself felt as coercive as well as beneficent, as not only guiding but restraining, as a punisher of wrong as well as a beacon of right. We may say even more, for the maintenance of unity must always be a difficult task, even setting aside the supposition of malice, pride, and wilfulness on the part of the various subjects which have to be kept in harmony. Few things are more essentially characteristic of humanity in its present condition than the spirit of nationalism, and the influence of this spirit is not limited to the sphere of political and social life; it penetrates into the mental constitutions and even the religious feelings of the races whom it divides one from another. The unity of the Catholic Church is a great standing miracle, more and more fully appreciated by men in proportion as they look upon the phenomena of their race with the eyes of true philosophers. The permanent provision by which our Lord has arranged for the preservation of this unity is in constant, however silent and successful, conflict with many instincts of the natural man—instincts which, in other spheres than that of religion, defy all attempts to restrain them, and which have never been tamed by any other power than that of the Church.

It cannot be a matter of surprise that those who habitually consider the unity of the Church of Christ as something analogous to the unity of race which gives an unmistakable family likeness to nations of Teutonic or of Celtic origin; or again, to that of the nations whose language is more or less based on the Latin tongue; or again, to the tie which binds together the independent or loosely-connected commonwealths which have sprung from English colonization, should attach but little importance, and show ill-concealed dislike, to the existence and the claims of a power such as that which all Catholics believe to be vested in the successor of St. Peter. If the Church is nothing more than a confederacy composed of several practically independent provinces, which, if they differ among themselves, can be brought into harmony by nothing but an assembly representing the whole, then indeed the doctrines which are commonly known as Ultramontane may well deserve the indignation which they have excited. But this indignation is simply based upon a fundamental error as to the constitution of the Church and the commission given to St. Peter as recorded in the Gospel narrative; and this error would have been considered as such by those Gallican writers under the shadow of whose names our own assailants of Ultramontanism shelter themselves. When we consider that the point of difference between these men and Catholics relates to the whole practical government of the Church from the beginning, and thus ranges over the history of every century of the Christian ages, and that, moreover, matters of government are ordinarily details which affect the interests and the passions of men very closely and keenly, we can understand the language used about the supposed extravagance and insolence of Ultramontane claims and Ultramontane agents, without find-

ing it necessary to believe that there has actually been much more real foundation for these charges than the simple fact that the authority which Catholics believe to have been divinely instituted in the Church has felt bound to assert its rights, exercise its powers, discharge its functions, and do its duty to God and to the flock of the Good Shepherd.

Looking at these questions broadly, it is surely fair to say that there never was any doubt among Catholics as to the solid foundation of such doctrines in the commission given by our Lord to St. Peter. As soon as the Roman Pontiff is recognized as the shepherd of the flock of Jesus Christ, the universal teacher and guardian of the faith, it becomes unreasonable to impose arbitrary limits on the extent of the commission as expressed in the words of our Lord, and the gift of infallibility and inerrancy must be such as is required by the commission, by the responsibility of the ruler, and by the obligations of the ruled. Nor can anything be more simply natural than that the teacher of the whole Church should be understood to use his power whenever and in whatever way he may signify that he uses it. We are more immediately connected with another point, kindred to this. We are convinced that grand and wonderful as is the history of the Christian Church in all its manifold variety of detail, there is nothing more admirable and divine about it than the manner in which the authority of the Holy See has been wielded through so many centuries. A careful study of this part of the subject could leave no doubt upon any candid mind that in the life of the Church herself nothing has been more absolutely vital and essential than the continued influence of the Head upon the members of the body. The action of the Holy See is the very condition of the existence of Catholicism. Nor again is any part of what we may call the character of the Catholic Church more singularly beautiful than the spirit which has reigned for so many centuries at the centre of Christendom, the spirit which breathes in the air of the Holy City, as if it were a fragrant exhalation from the shrines in which the relics of St. Peter and St. Paul are honored.

There is a beautiful expression found in one of the writings of St. Gertrude, in which it is said that God has from the beginning chosen to deal with the race of man "rather according to this wisdom of His benignity than according to the power of His majesty."* This is the rule of the divine agency in the world, and it would seem as if we might claim for the chain of the successors of St. Peter, in dealing with so many fierce nations, so many proud sovereigns, so many intriguing and ambitious governments, that they have shown in their measures that mixture of gentleness and firmness which comes nearest to the imitation of the heavenly pattern. It is the Christian version, as it were, of that old power of ruling the world which Virgil has celebrated in some of his grandest lines—

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:
Hæ tibi erunt artes: pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

The imperial power which kept the

* Potius sapientia benignitatis quam majestatis potentia.

nations in subjection is exchanged, in Christian Rome, for a sway which has no force at its command, except that which the Catholic conscience gives it, and yet it has maintained for centuries a reign of peace over the whole world, by the side of which the ancient *Pax Romana* loses its majesty. The poet has hit on the great secret of the Roman rule in that indulgence to the subject races which he so finely commemorates. It was this wise forbearance from "governing overmuch," and from all interference with national institutions and feelings, except when they were incompatible with the condition of her own supremacy, which enabled Rome to keep the world in peace with forces which would now be considered inadequate for the standing army of a European kingdom, because all felt their connection with her as a privilege and an honor. This moderation in leadership, which Thucydides praises in the most successful statesman of Greece,* is the special condition of stability of power, as it is also that one characteristic of great possessors of lawful authority, which is entirely beyond the comprehension of the more narrow-minded and violent among their adherents. The use to be made of immense strength and resistless power looks very different to men who have never had any responsibility intrusted to them on the one hand, and to those who have a practical knowledge of the dangers of souls on the other. This moderation is the very reverse of the principle of modern centralization, and it explains the great strength and compact harmony of constitutions and empires, which have grown through a series of ages with the expanding life of nations, as contrasted with those which have been struck off by theorists in their studies or diplomatists in their conferences, and suddenly thrust upon nations unprepared for them. The ruling power in the Catholic Church has ever acted on this principle, notwithstanding — we may perhaps rather say, because of—the plenitude of her authority, and the mighty spiritual forces with which she is armed. We see it in the very ample concessions which she makes to national churches, distinct rites, and ancient customs; in the length to which she goes, for the sake of peace and of the quiet of consciences, in the way of condoning spoliations and waiving even large portions of her own rights in the framing of Concordats. We see it in the generous indulgence which the Church is always ready to accord to returning schismatics and repentant heretics; or, again, to those of her own children whom she has had occasion to condemn for some individual error, to the conquered persecutor, or the rebel who, at the hour of death, craves for the mercy of Heaven at her hands. Akin to this principle is that "tranquillity of judgment," that calm and dispassionate weighing of the merits of the cases which come before her, which is another characteristic of the spirit of the Church; and that reverence for the name of Catholic, even when not altogether worthily borne, which so often makes the action of her justice appear slow and weak to con-

* He says of Pericles, *μετρίως ἐξηγεῖτο*, ii, p. 65.

troversialists and partisans trained in a different school. Here again we seem to see the reflection of a principle of the divine government on which the wise man has dwelt.*

The foolish charges against Ultramontanism in the abstract fall to the ground when applied to a true and living specimen of the Roman mind. Rome has only to be known in order to be loved. Her relation to the Christian world is one which of all others requires delicacy, tact, forbearance, and the most consummate combination of prudence, firmness, patience, and charity. These are qualities which in their highest grades appear almost instinctive and incommunicable, and they can no more be learnt from books than the fire of the poet or the inspiration of the orator. Rome, therefore, of all powers in the world, requires to be judged, not from a few persons who may put themselves forward in her cause, but from the general character of her authorized representatives, and the general tenor of her method and her conduct. It is inevitable that the outposts of a great army may not be as inoffensive in their behavior as the troops which lie under the eye of the general round his headquarters. As discoverers name whole continents after the first small tribe of natives which they meet with, so those who approach Rome from without are apt to judge of her from organs or advocates who have, at best, a very insignificant place in her system. As long as those who act and write on her side are thoroughly penetrated by her spirit, we shall have no fear that her lawful claims will not in time make their way to the minds and hearts of all people.

* Sap. 8:1, 12:18. It is curious to find the Roman Governor Festus speaking of the equity of the imperial tribunals as if it were a point of distinction habitually remarked upon. Acts 25:16. "It is not the manner of the Romans to condemn any man before that he who is accused have his accusers present, and have liberty to make his answer, to clear himself of the things laid to his charge."

GOLD.

Gold glitters most when Virtue shines no more,
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries,
Unkennelled from the prisons and the stews,
Pour in, all opening in their Idol's praise!
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchewed,
Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorged to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still,
Sagacious all to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest.

THE PORTRAIT.

"WELL, my dear mother, this *is* happiness!" cried Walter Morton, drawing his chair still closer to his mother, and taking her hand between his. "Three whole years since I left you, and yet you do not look a day older than when we parted; and I declare you are handsomer than ever!"

The happy mother smiled. She was proud of her sailor son, proud of his handsome face, his gallant bearing, his true and noble heart. He was her only son, and she was a widow. She was but young at her husband's death; and many were the difficulties with which she had struggled in order to educate her child, and prepare him to make his way in the world. Her efforts procured him a situation as mate in a large merchantman, and he had now returned from his third voyage, laden with honorable testimonials of the high estimation in which his employers held him.

"I have often thought," said Walter, "that you must be very lonely when I am away. Why should I leave you again, mother? We have enough now for our two unambitious selves, and it is but trifling with our own happiness to part when we might be together. I will not go to sea again."

"And when you marry, Walter," said his mother, smiling; "we must think of that probability."

"Oh, yes, of course. But I will marry an heiress; so that difficulty is settled. But you have told me no village news yet. How many marriages have taken place in my absence?"

"Three, I believe. Helen Warner is married to her cousin; Emily Burton to John Morris, the brewer; and your old acquaintance and favorite—but what ails you, my dear?"

"Nothing, mother, go on! So Amy Sinclair is married?"

"No, my dear—no such thing. What put that into your head? I have something to tell you of Amy; but I was going just now to tell you that your old favorite, Tom Purnell, had succeeded in winning the village heiress with a fortune of a hundred pounds *paid down*, and wondrous wealth in perspective. We had such bell-ringing, and bonfires, and white favors! And poor Tom, in the midst of his happiness, gained my heart by wishing 'Master Walter was here!'"

"Well done, Tom! But about the Sinclairs, mother?" said Walter, somewhat impatiently.

"Ah, Walter, they have had much trouble since you were here. About a year ago, Mr. Sinclair died, leaving his wife and daughter, to our surprise, in much pecuniary distress. Mrs. Sinclair was overwhelmed at first, but Amy, that noble girl, what strength of mind she showed in her sorrow! 'We must leave this house,' said she to her mother; 'we must part with all the elegancies, and some of the comforts of life, and live in poverty and seclusion; yet let us stay here, dear mamma, here in this village, where no eyes will look unkindly on us in our altered circumstances.' Her mother was passive as a child, and agreed to all that she proposed;

so a small cottage was taken, the simplest articles of furniture were moved into it from the manor-house, and Amy brought her mother to her humble home. Poor girl! I have seen her tears fall silently, but how sadly! as she prepared the cottage for her mother's reception. Not a word of complaint or repining, not an hour wasted in selfish grief, yet one could see her heart was aching. I did all I could to help her; and soon she made the cottage as comfortable as so poor a place could be made. But there was something more to be done. She found the pittance that remained when her father's debts were paid (for she insisted on paying them all) was so small as barely to suffice for the common necessaries of life. Mrs. Sinclair was in bad health, needing many little comforts that she had not means to procure. Again Amy exerted herself. You remember her talent for painting?"

"Yes, yes," replied Walter, hurriedly and with emotion.

His mother was, perhaps, too much interested in the subject on which she was speaking, to observe that his voice trembled, and the dusk of evening had prevented her seeing the agitation his countenance betrayed. She continued:

"Well, one month after Mr. Sinclair's death, I went very early to the cottage, thinking if Amy were up I might see her alone, and do my best to cheer her. I knocked softly and she opened the door, and led me into her own little room. Her drawing materials were on the table, and a half finished miniature was with them.

"'You have been at work early, Amy,' I said; 'I am glad to see you do not mean to forget your charming accomplishment.'

"She turned to me with a calm, steady look, and answered, 'You shall know my secret. I am painting this for sale. I have been told in my happier days that my miniatures were worth a great deal of money, and now, dear Mrs. Morton,' she said, smiling, 'I am going to ascertain whether or no my friends were flatterers. Do not tell my mother; her mind is weakened for the present, and she might be troubled at the thought of my working for my bread. It will be a proud and happy thought to myself if I can succeed.'"

"God bless her!" interrupted Walter; "and did she succeed?"

"Yes. For her first picture she received a hundred dollars. It was a beautiful sight to see her lay the money before her mother, and then throw her arms about her, and sob on her bosom like a child. It was the only time I ever saw her give way to her feelings in her mother's presence."

"And where is she now, mother?" asked Walter; "how does the noble creature live now?"

"She has toiled on with the same patient spirit that supported her from the first. Look, Walter, do you see a light in that cottage window? That is Amy's home, and, probably, at this moment she is sitting at her mother's feet, weary with the labors of the day, yet gentle, happy, and affectionate, as if care was unknown to her. She has been employed as a portrait-painter by all the wealthy families in the neighborhood. My only fear is that she may overtask her strength;

but she looks well, and there is an expression of contentment in her face that makes her very lovely."

Lights were brought in and Mrs. Morton changed the subject of conversation. But when she had retired for the night, Walter stole softly forth, to linger about the cottage where Amy dwelt, and think over all he had heard of her conduct. It has been said that there is something not disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of our best friends. It may be so, for certain it is that Walter's meditations did not end in sadness, though their subject was Amy Sinclair and all her trials. He returned home at last, with a quick and cheerful step, and as he turned to take one last look in the direction of Amy's home, a smile passed over his face, and he murmured, "Happy!—yes, happy as a prince!"

It was about a month after Walter's return, at the close of a fine summer's day, that he induced Amy to lay aside her brush, and take a walk with him. It was a lovely evening, and the country through which they wandered had much beauty even for a stranger's eye; to them, for whom some pleasant association hung upon every tree, it seemed a paradise. In the course of their walk they passed the old manor-house, and Amy paused to look lovingly on its quiet grounds. Walter watched her anxiously, but she turned to him again with her own kind smile, and said, "Indeed, Walter, it is only for *his* sake—for my poor father's sake!"

Walter's long pent-up feelings found voice at last, and he told Amy how he had loved her, though hopelessly, when she was rich and happy, and how he loved her more a thousandfold in poverty and trouble. Who shall tell how sweetly those fond words fell on Amy's ear—how the happy tears rolled silently down her cheeks, as the secret of her own deep, yet unconscious love, was revealed to her heart?

It was late when they returned from their ramble, and Mrs. Morton was sitting with Amy's mother. The rest of the evening passed quietly, yet happily, and Walter whispered to Amy, while the widows were exchanging their farewells for the night, "We will tell them all to-morrow, Amy—*my* Amy? I will come early to help you with your confessions."

But the morrow came, and Walter did not appear. Amy's cheek flushed at every sound, and her heart sank when hour after hour rolled by, and still he came not. At last an old and faithful servant of Mrs. Morton was seen approaching the cottage, and Amy ran forth to meet her; but as the old woman came near, Amy stopped, afraid to ask what had happened.

"Oh, Miss Amy," cried the weeping woman, "I have a cruel sorrow to tell you of! My poor mistress!—her heart will break! She loved him so dearly, and, God knows, so did I!"

Amy returned in silence to the cottage, and the servant followed her. Mrs. Sinclair was up-stairs, and Amy did not call her, but, after quietly closing the door, bade the woman sit down near her, and tell her what had happened.

"Poor Master Walter!" cried the woman, who had been his nurse; "he was so noble, so good! Poor Master Walter!—he is gone!" and

a passionate burst of tears interrupted her speech. Amy's face was pale as marble, but she pressed her hand upon her heart, and said—

"What do you mean, nurse? Is Walter Morton *dead?*"

"Dead!" repeated the nurse—"dead! Yes, Miss Amy, these eyes have seen him lying pale and dead. Oh, to see his poor mother's agony! He did not come down to breakfast, and she went herself to see what ailed him. To my dying day I shall not forget her shriek. She found him dead and cold—her own, her only child!"

The nurse was too much absorbed by her own grief to observe the effect of her words on her listener, who sat like one stunned, with dry eyes and livid lips. Her mind refused to comprehend the exceeding bitterness of the sorrow that had fallen upon her. Once or twice she passed her hand across her brow, and glanced uneasily round the room, but she did not speak. At last, the nurse said—

"I have brought a message to you, Miss Amy, from my poor mistress. She bade me go on my knees to beg you to fulfil her request. She has no picture of poor Master Walter! will you make one now?"

"I?—now?" said Amy, as if trying to understand what was asked of her. "Is it not too late? Did you not say he was dead?" and she shuddered as she spoke.

"No, dear Miss Amy, it is not too late. There he lies, calm and beautiful as an angel. Dear Miss Amy, as you hope for pity yourself, pity his mother's sorrow and do what she asks!"

"Paint Walter's picture now—now, when he is dead! that is what you ask, is it not, nurse? I *will* do it." Then, with strange, unnatural composure, she collected her drawing materials, and prepared to leave the house, bidding the nurse tell Mrs. Sinclair of all that had happened.

In a darkened chamber of the house to which she had so lately welcomed him in health and joy, Mrs. Morton watched by the body of her dead son. There he lay, pale and still, yet with a smile lingering about his white lips, a smile of more than earthly beauty. By what strange and sudden malady the soul had been freed from its mortal tenement none might tell, but that it passed away calmly and without suffering, the happy expression of the features seemed to testify.

"My son! my son!" whispered the poor widow, as she kissed the closed eyes; "all my other children did the Lord take from me, and then He called my husband to be with Him, but I deemed *thou* shouldst lay me in my grave. Thou, too, art gone! His will be done!"

Again she seated herself beside the bed, weeping, "yet not as one without hope." Her chastened heart grew calmer, and many a blessed thought of that country to which those she loved were gone, and to which she herself was, as she trusted, drawing near, glided across her mind and comforted her. At length she heard a step on the stairs, and, rising to ascertain who was coming, she met Amy Sinclair at the chamber door.

"Dear, dear Amy," she whispered, "are you come to do it?"

"Yes," answered Amy, "I will

do it, but I must be alone;" and she passed on into the chamber of death.

There was a hollow sadness in her voice that had alarmed Mrs. Morton, who waited at the door, listening anxiously, lest any sound should betray that Amy had overrated her courage, or that the first sight of death had alarmed and overpowered her. She little suspected how much had died to Amy with Walter Morton. All was still for a few minutes, and then she thought she heard a low yet bitter groan, but when she opened the door, Amy was already seated at her task, composed and tearless. Again Mrs. Morton left her, and went down-stairs to make the melancholy arrangements which she knew must claim her attention.

None watched the progress of Amy's sorrowful task; and when, long after, she confessed the tie that had bound her to Walter, she told but little of the four days she spent in the chamber of death. Something she said of the gay, mocking sunshine that filled the room when she drew aside the curtain that she might see his face; something of the cruel contrast between the merry voices that filled the summer air with life, and the dreary, unbroken silence of the little room that was then her world. She hinted at moments when the passion of grief conquered her, and she wept in hopeless agony; and again, the calm evening would find her kneeling beside him, his cold hand in hers, praying that her despair might be forgiven, and finding some of the comfort she so sorely needed.

The picture was finished, and two days afterwards Walter was laid in his grave. Mrs. Morton's affection for Amy appeared daily to increase; and, in a few weeks, she persuaded Amy and her mother to take up their abode in her house.

Poor Amy's patient, faithful spirit struggled hard against despondency, and she continued her labors as a miniature-painter with the zeal of her former and happier days. But, alas! success did not, as formerly, attend her efforts. It might be that her hand was less skilful; it might be that the gay and thoughtless who had at first found a pleasant way of obtaining a character for benevolence, by patronizing the pretty young miniature-painter, had found some still more interesting object on whom to bestow their so-called charity. Whichever was the cause, Amy's pictures no longer gave satisfaction; and again and again they were returned to her as requiring alteration, or even rejected altogether. These disappointments added a last drop of bitterness to her cup, little thought of by those who thus heedlessly inflicted pang after pang on a worn and breaking heart.

It was about eight months after Walter's death. The early spring-flowers were showing themselves among the grass, the birds were beginning to sing in the budding trees; to the happy, it was a season of hope and promise. Amy returned home after a long and lonely walk; and when her mother asked the result of her expedition, she shook her head sadly, and, laying a parcel on the table, replied—

"As usual, they are not pleased with the pictures, and I have

brought them back. Dear mother, I cannot even help *you* now!"

She hid her face in her hands, but the tears forced their way between her thin fingers, and it was long before her mother could comfort her. She seemed soothed at length, and went to her room, to lie down to rest after her walk. Before that day, strangely enough, her mother had been unconscious of Amy's declining state of health, but now she could shut her eyes to it no more. Mrs. Morton, anxious to preserve that precious life, procured the best advice that the neighborhood afforded, and assisted Mrs. Sinclair in nursing the invalid with unwearied devotedness; but all care was vain, and in a very few weeks Amy Sinclair lay on her death-bed. It was then that she confessed to her mother and Mrs. Morton the love that she had borne to Walter; the grief that, for their sakes, she had so carefully concealed, even while it was consuming her life.

"I wished—I tried to live!" she said, when they knew all; "but I was weak, and it has pleased God to take me from you. I trust I have not murmured; but it was so sudden—so very sudden!"

That night, while the two widows watched her calm sleep, her spirit fled without a sigh; and till morning dawned, and they saw the angelic expression that Amy's brow wore, they knew not that she was dead!

THE LEGEND OF A BLESSED SPIRIT.

A Catholic Poem, in Two Parts.

Part II.—Pandora.

Pandina, the first part of this poem, shows the "terrible side of evil" in its abuse of the gifts of God; Pandora portrays the rich reward which our feeble efforts to follow, or help others to follow, an enlightened conscience insures. The opening imagery of the first illustrations is taken largely from northern scenery; and since Orm is made to speak from beyond the grave, that language is necessarily sometimes mystic which endeavors to embody our notions of a contrast between receiving knowledge of things through the five senses and apprehending them in the liberated soul. Language must be appropriate to its subject, and vary with it. The difficulty referred to is less apparent in the Pandora, in which is embodied a number of stories from real life.

Such wonder as upon us fell,
At sin's profoundest dirge and knell,
  Surpassed all mortal fear;
In pain of soul I turned to God,
As though, for all Creation broad,
  He felt what it must bear.

Seralpha, silent, void of hope,
Fled from that prison's bloodstained scope,
  For one, with arms outspread,
Becked toward him as a rightful prey—
Once vanquished in the world's sad day
  Among its inly-dead:
Its inly-living doomed to know,
Who, like Truth's tender flowerets, grow,
  Where the Sevenfold hath stood—
High Almoner of holy dew,
Which light of earth's last sun shall show
  To be her Monarch's blood.

Last setting and last Orient sun!
Earth's web unwove—her thread unspun,
  Spindle and loom at rest—
Will ye shine on? or what illume,
When o'er one vast terrestrial tomb
  Ye burn—and Ocean's breast?

But Uriel onward led our way
To waves that Phœbus' parting ray
Had touched with liquid gold;
Whereon we journeyed up their stream,
Till softly changed its burnished beam
To glancing crescents cold.

And ever on we sailed, till shoal
The river grew, and at our goal
The hill-spring, dancing in,
Was decked with gems of falling light;
While measured music charmed the night
Devoid of jarring sin.

Even as the birds of evening whirred,
From where the water-beetle stirred
His little sand-cloud shone
With spangle-gold; in air he rose
(While loud the trumpet-bittern blows)
And sped away alone.

So, Uriel said, a rain-drop digs
Rich ore from rock and sops the twigs;
Then buries deep from view
The precious gold, till some poor fly,
That nobly longs to soar on high,
Unearths such riches true.

So when earth's torrents, Orm, subside,
And saintly breasts their eventide
Bare to the virgin moon;
Forth from this trivial dust of earth
Some human worm asserts his birth
To land 'neath heaven's high noon.

For deepest are the costliest won,
And soonest sink; while hurry on
The wreck and scum of life:
Fast by the foot of native hills
Where murmur past their guiding rills
Such jewels outlive the strife.

Come, see the haunts and souls of men,
(Their various motives ponder), then
Ask if thy spirit know
The untold sands of true desire—
The heavenly impulse, and the fire
Of love divine below!

Of Holland's earthen walls (that breast
Old Ocean's shoulder, and his crest
Hurl from her bounteous field),
'Tis said there watched till dawn's red streak
A child, whose finger checked the leak
That gnawed his country's shield.

And may not *so* the smothered prayer—
The bursting thought that writhes for air
In this too sin-pent world—
Stay, for God's love, some billowy tide
Of judgment from His fountains wide
That else had been unfurled?

What hear'st? that firm, but gentle tread?
It circles every nation's bed,
And curst or blest must come
Down—from the hills of God and love
Up—from the haunts of death to move,
Led by no martial drum—

The Church's great embattled host;—
Too world-diffused that aught of boast
Or threat should help its way:
From every squadron Prayer and Faith
(Bright blades that court the victor's wreath)
Flash in a higher day.

Behold her on the distant hills,
A future church whom the same rills
Shall freshen for the fight;
But see, along to-day's vast plain
They pour whom seas nor coasts restrain,
Nor gates of hellish might!

Nor wayward son—nor heart untamed,
That grieves our Jesus, daily shamed,
Can make His promise void;
Pure shall his long-prized gold be found,
(Clear his confessors' clarion sound),
Though here erewhile alloyed.

So walk they well 'neath God's own hands,
In silent prayer and penance-bands,
(Marching to heavenly song)
Of priest and nun, monk, eremite,
Cistercian, Jesuit, Carmelite,
And great Augustine's throng;

Of Benedict and San Sulpice;
And Bernard o'er the Alpine fleece
Of Italy's soft clime;—
Trappist and Paulist, Ursuline,
Dominican and Capuchin,
Awaiting Heaven's blest chime.

But who shall count those ranks, unknown
To fellow-men, that wait the crown
In secret armed amain?
Who, daily, uncomplaining go—
Strong novices of heaping woe,
And thrice professed in pain?

These be the guards of Sodom's gate,
Averting her impending fate,
  Until the host elect,
Fulfilling each Divine behest,
Shall sit, God's robed and crownèd guest—
  With heavenly palm bedecked.

These shall, no less than martyred blood,
Cry loudly from the insensate flood
  Of passion and of pride:
And they, the trivial cross who bore,
As welcome and as high shall soar,
  Though fiercer flames denied.

So Uriel spake, and changed our scene
To winter's snow in silver sheen
  And shade, with bitter wind,
Alternate; on a far hillside,
Where scarce the ice-bound spring can glide,
  A cottage you shall find

'Mid twenty more, where famine gaunt
Woke to the gale's affrighting chaunt,
  And sickness gnawed her way;
Yet even here the blessed light
Of charity had come, and night
  Held more than starry ray.

Behold a dying mother's form,
Scarce sheltered from the piercing storm!
  No neighbor made her bed,
But from far hamlets gladly came
A maid to tend her wasted frame
  And lift her drooping head:

Five starving babes crouched round the fire
Through the sad day; in watches dire
  Of night most stern they clung
Each to the other's bony breast;
Like little flickering lamps whose crest
  On random breaths is hung.

Foulness and sadness, sickness, want
Met her sweet gaze; the sun, aslant,
  Through many a crevice wide
Peeped in as with approving smile;
And hungry children held the while
  Her warm and willing hand.

Cleanness and gladness, health and bread,
How should she give them? He who fed
  The Bard for Horeb's way
Made food to follow in her wake,
But easy who her task should make
  To cleanse and clothe next day?

She, folding all those lambs away,
Now watching, and now slumbering, lay
  Throughout the gusty night:
In vales below them cold rays crept
Along the whistling roofs, where slept
  The fed, in comfort's might.

At her meridian walks the moon
From hill to hill in silver shoon;
  But see, full ten miles off
A driver leaves the open street,
While spurn the snow his steed's swift feet,
  And both sweet slumbers doff.

One hour before a poor man woke
From his scant couch;—to none he spoke,
  But, taking up his bed
And various raiment, gently stole
Down the deserted stair, whose roll
  Of ghostly footsteps said,

Why late and softly creepest thou?
At what strange altar wilt thou bow?
  But on and undisturbed
He went: two hours thereafter stood,
Within the forest road and wood,
  Yon driver's good steed curbed.

There are fresh footmarks up the hill,
And down across the frozen rill;
  But when the morn is near,
That mother on a softer bed
Is lying, and her infant's head
  Followed without a tear.

So the good spirit, that was drawn
From hamlets far to watch for dawn
  Through freezing nights of woe,
By her bright feet, drew too from far
Like self-denial; this but the star
  Of Faith can shed below.

Still changed the blessed phantasy
For our successive ecstasy,
  And, on a summer eve,
Among the holy dead we knelt
Where most that present God is felt,
  To whom our loved we leave.

By a green mound's white sculptured Rood
A father and a daughter stood;
  One to the other spake:
"My child, forget not thou the dust
Most precious, buried here in trust
  Until its tomb shall break.

"And mindful be of this white Rose
That for our mutual weeping blows—
Whose dew is our fond tears—
Which we have planted; soon to tell
A father's resting-place as well:
Oh, watch it through the years!

"Who knoweth but that in the flow
Of time and youth thy soul may show
Some wayward, wistful thought?
Virgin thrice blessed!—may she be led
By this same token of the dead,
And to thy bosom brought!"

A shudder crossed her lovely frame;
And, calling on the Virgin's name,
She low and sweetly said:
"Father, this rose and her sad death
Bound, like our in and outgoing breath,
Haunt e'er my nightly bed.

"If memory e'er could coldly lie
Upon the lake of thought, and try
To drown her lily-cup;
One pallid rose would cause to start
Her spirit in this leaping heart,
And bring thy pleading up."

Again, we passed to where there walked
In counsel two fair maids, who talked
Plans for a coming day;
But one was anxious, troubled, sad,
Whom her companion gaily bade
To laugh such care away.

"Beware, Adelia," said the first,
"Hearts that are in such concourse nursed
Are careless to discern
The good and ill; nor bound to hem
Sweet Purity's pearl diadem
From fires of earth that burn."

"You do him wrong," the second said,
"For Ernest, if he longed to wed,
Were surely worthy me;
Yet spoke he not of that, but prayed
The wished assembly might be made,
And I its queen might be."

"I deem thee kind, yet it is vain
To borrow for an orphan pain
If danger lurk not nigh;
Keep his red roses for the morn,
And, when the golden light is born,
Wake me with pleasantry!"

'Twas morn; she by her mirror stood,
Touched by the Orient's glorious flood,
With pearls woven in her hair;
Vision of Beauty's very crown;
From brow and eye her form adown
Ne'er stood a maid more fair.

His courtly gift, last but not least,
Must serve to deck her for the feast
(Waiting all night in bloom);
Which stooping to unfold to-day,
Pallid and faint she sank away—
As struck with sudden doom.

The rose that she had sought to grasp
Was not what she had found to clasp
A thorn-crown round her heart:
The grave-grown rose it was that met
Her queenly mien; and this that set
Her coronal apart.

There, in the golden flood of day,
All swooning in rich robes she lay
Till by Jacinta found:
No word she uttered when revived,
But, long as her fair Mentor lived,
She felt 'twas love's true wound.

In silent watches of the night,
And while her summer moon was bright,
Jacinta sought the grave;
And, to avert a dreaded ill,
Thus changed the maiden's wayward will—
A comrade truly brave.

When next before the Virgin's shrine
They bowed, and blest the Godhead Trine,
On each fair maiden's breast
A white rose lay; these, as they laved
Its sister flowers, saw written "*saved*"
On every snowy crest.

Next Uriel brought us to a gate
Wherein an aging yeoman sat
'Mid all his smiling land;
To whom there came along the green
A woman of afflicted mien,
Who stretched a suppliant hand.

"The wounded rest with me," she said,
"And I am destitute of bread,
Nathless a mother's heart
Remembers when her noble son
Went out to face the war-mists dun—
But years and death do part."

"Nay, woman, I have naught to give,
'Tis little else I do than live;"
"So be it," she said, and left;
"How hoped I 'twould be else? but strange
Will thy young daughter, Isaac, range
'Mid hearts which thou hast cleft."

'Twas night—the woman's cot within—
We stood unseen 'mid all the din
Of hungry men: there lay
Beneath the lattice a pale face,
(Too noble for so mean a place),
Whose form was war's sad prey.

When softly moved the lattice wide;
The little curtain, drawn aside,
Displayed a hand and arm
Whose sleeve with the dull candle's flame
Colliding, briefly burnt: no name
Was given; and felt no harm,

But good; for there was left a store
Of bread and gold, enough and more
For her full household need:
Who breathed a eucharistic prayer,
And thanks flew on the murky air
To him of wizard-speed.

Again our scene was near the gate
Where once that agèd yeoman sat;
Within his house we stand;
Two wedded ones to search are led
'Mid stores that once were his; now dead,
Whose children till the land.

On lines in niches of the wall,
Where rays of sunlight never fall,
His robes were thickly strung:
These seeing, they touched them; Carl recoiled
At sight of an old tunic soiled,
'Mid many better hung.

"Come once again," said Uriel, "see
How life and death may ill agree!"
He spoke and in a room,
Half lighted, two old men appear—
One on a bed—his vision blear
With some fast-gathering gloom.

It is the aging yeoman's face
That lingers in the ill-lighted place;
And he who kneels beside,
A faithful, lifelong servant, friend;
Who, truly tearful, sees the end
And longs to cross the tide.

Hark! 'tis the solemn midnight hour;
Its twelve strokes wake the house with power,
Bid Isaac slowly rise;
He doffs his cap and signs the cross,
Foldeth his hands from gain and loss,
But lifts his brightening eyes.

"Father," he said, "the hour is come:
O bliss, that I am going home
To where the heart is known!
Isaac, the miser, yieldeth up
Himself, as e'er he did life's cup
And talents at thy throne.

"It hath been aye his glorious lot
To be what this world knoweth not—
To tread what it denies
To be the reasonable way of men;
And now he leaveth this poor den,
Perchance to souls less wise,

"But far less sinful; Philip, friend,
Thou seest that this is now the end.
Grieve not—soon follow me
Servus serorum—legend grand,
Which Jesus' vicars cause to stand
As theirs;—thine let it be!"

So he fell back and passed away:
"This," Uriel said, "were worth the ray
Of heaven to light such scene:
Whose the burnt robe thou findest now;
But, ne'er till judgment, shall men know
What lives like his have been.

"Come let us seek the western isle
Of fair Europa's kingly style,
Flecked o'er with banks of green!
Behold!" he breathed; mother and child
Spake to their olden Priest, who smiled,
Greeting with kindly mien.

"For, father, she will go the morn
To yon great Ocean's western bourne,
And I would have thee now
The scapular of Carmel give;
So shall she mind while she doth live
How I in prayer do bow.

"Pray it may help her ward some stain
Of sin till she come back again;
And, to my longing breast
I clasp her, whom in tears to-day
I leave to God and the blue way
Of seas that never rest."

So, kneeling there, the prayers were said,
And thus invested was the maid
To brave the perilled deep:
But deadlier than salt waves should rise
And, hiding from maternal eyes,
O'er the poor damsel sweep.

Drear days and drearier come and go;
Another scene we, journeying, know;
She, disembarking, fell
Into foul hands, where harlots haunt,
Imprisoned, watched, while terrors vaunt;
She falls beneath their spell;

But sickness comes, and one lone day,
When dark and bitter was the way,
Her fevered, wandering hands
Close on the scapular: at length
She rises, gifted with new strength,
Runs forth, and breaks her bands.

Nor rests till in a distant vale
(Not knowing her way) she finds the pale
Of consecrated grove
First, since by Erin's priest she knelt,
And, with parental, sweetly felt
Her Mother-Church's love.

Bards of the faith, awake and sing
The many glories of our King,
Displayed from sea to sea!
But chiefly help ye all to swell
The silent wealth of prayers that tell
More than ye yet can see:

Till, to the western flying sun
Responsive, while its glories run,
Mount and Sierra peal
The Angelus; and eventide
Forth wafts it o'er the prairies wide
For all the people's weal.

THE CATHOLIC IDEA IN LITERATURE.

IV. The Drama.

The concluding paper of this series will briefly consider the influence of the Catholic spirit on the drama, which has not inaptly been described as the complement and handmaid of literature. Though most dramatic literature is in the poetical form, it is sufficiently distinguished from poetry proper by its accessories of representation, scenic and rhetorical.

"The invention of the drama," says an able writer, from whose treatises on the subject several illustrations in this essay have been taken, "is one of those which seems to proceed most naturally from the ordinary customs and feelings of men." In fact, the literature of the drama may be classified with strict propriety under the head of universal literature; for, written as it is for action, and designed by the author to be illustrated in tone and gesture, it makes use of ideas and language akin to the act ("suiting the word to the action"), and hence addressing directly the majority of men. All drama is thus largely pantomimic.

In the literature of most nations, we find something approaching to the dramatic art, intermingled with solemn or common customs, and generally connected with religious observance. This was especially the case in Greece, whence the name and the substance of the drama have been taken by the modern European nations, subject to the controlling influence exercised upon it by the Church, especially in the middle ages. The elements of the dramatic art in Greece were found in the religious observ-

ances celebrated in that country from the earliest ages. The feasts of Bacchus, in particular, had sacred odes or choruses. These were afterward intermixed with episodic narratives of events in mythological story, related by an actor in the festival, with gesticulations. The next step was to introduce two actors, with alternate recitations; and thus originated tragedy (*tragodia*, *the song of the goat*, so called from the animal which was sacrificed on such occasions), and comedy (*komodia*, *the village song*), which differed from the former in the dialogue, which was satirical and not mythological.

The Hindoo plays likewise originated in religious ceremony. Those that exist are written in Sanscrit, and are pronounced by critics admirable expositions of the religious mystery which they are intended to represent. This connection of the drama with religion is a remarkable illustration of the Catholic view of public liturgical worship, showing her idea to be in full accord with the conception of reason on the subject. It is true that the charge of heathenism has been advanced by Protestant controvertists against the character of the religious worship of Catholicity, but such critics do not appear to be familiar with a philosophy which the human family has believed in from the earliest ages. The spectacular effects at times produced by the Catholic ceremonial are from their nature productive of the most exalted sentiments of devotion, and their use, aside from the warrant that reason gives them, is approved by the Almighty Himself, as a reference to Deuteronomy or Leviticus amply proves. Gibbon's sneer that Paganism transplanted into Christianity has found genial soil, has been refuted by Paley. If the Church substituted the Christmas holidays for the Saturnalia, was it not a change for the better? If the Pantheon became the Church of All Saints, or the lustral water holy water, or the incense which burned before Jupiter ascended before the Christian altar, it only shows that the Church consecrated to holy purposes things pure and good in themselves, which before had been polluted and perverted by a false creed.

So also the consecration of dramatic effect to religious purposes is shown in the symbolism of Catholic architecture and painting. Even the material structure of a Catholic church is not designed solely for the accommodation of the congregation, but also aims at elevating their devotions and informing their minds, by an indirect display of the great truths of Christianity. Coleridge, referring to the symbolical meaning in the peculiar structure and arrangement of a Catholic church, calls it the "petrifaction of religion." It is not merely an immense structure capable of holding so many thousands, nor, on the other hand, a meeting-house with a reading-desk and a Bible. It is the embodiment of religion, each object in it speaking more intelligibly and impressively to the eye and the mind of the beholder than would whole volumes of written precepts. Thus the plan is generally the expressive and appropriate one of a cross, the threefold division into nave and aisles symbolizing the Trinity, the eastward

position of the altar alluding to Christ, the Sun of Justice, and the other peculiarities of structure and arrangement tending to render the cathedral or the simple church literally "a sermon in stone," which all the faithful can understand.

Appreciating the value of the drama as a means of religious culture, the Church in the Middle Ages revived it from the decay into which the fall of the Roman Empire and the barbarian supremacy had plunged it, together with all other sources of intellectual improvement. Its revival was owing to the solemnities of the Church, into which dramatic interludes were introduced in various nations of Western Europe, representing at first events in Biblical history or the lives of the Saints. The framers of these early pieces were monks, and as this was the only class possessed of classical learning, it is possible that the form of the religious representations was suggested by the dramas of antiquity. It appears, however, that the Church drama is a separate type, which, indeed, is not yet extinct, for the famous Passion Play enacted in certain parts of Germany is, in substance, the same that delighted and edified the faithful of a thousand years ago.

The modern European drama, then, was originated by the Church, and though like other of her formations, such as public schools, designed to improve and edify, it has degenerated into an instrument of evil, still the institution itself is good, and may yet prove an important auxiliary in her cause.

In many respects the original English drama is unequalled in the theatrical literature of the world. It grew out of the semi-religious representations called Mystery and Morality. The dramatic poets before Shakspeare were tinctured with a prejudice for the ancient drama, and retained its formal divisions with absurd punctiliousness. Shakspeare, however, instead of imitating classical simplicity, and confining himself to a peculiar cast of diction and sentiment removed from the ordinary course of life, invented a species of composition which intermingled poetical with ordinary life and language. There is one peculiarity of his sublime dramas which his Protestant commentators have sedulously omitted to mention, but which, to our minds, is presumptive evidence of his being either a Catholic or deeply conscious of the power of the Catholic religion above all others to develop and shape the noblest character. It is the fact that he has made his greatest characters Catholic, and that he has never descended to the vulgar ridicule and burlesquing of the Catholic institutions, that were peculiarly offensive to his Protestant patrons and contemporaries. *Hamlet* is replete with Catholic allusion and sentiment. Take, for instance, the following charming reference to Christmas—the day which Protestantism (particularly in its Puritanic form) has ever sought to set aside, as a relic of Catholic superstition:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit can walk abroad.
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

The narrative of the *Ghost* also contains references to Catholic devotions, and particularly to the doctrine of purgatory, without, however, the least touch of ridicule, which, as we have said, would in that time have "brought down the house." So in *Romeo and Juliet* we have the character of a monk exquisitely drawn, and even tenderly and reverently depicted, although at a time when the monasteries of England were confiscated and sacked, and monks and nuns banished the country, under penalty of death for refusal or return. Again, the deepest feeling on the question of Papal supremacy was then agitating the English people, and the Pope was the butt of every poetaster whose modicum of brains enabled him to rhyme *pope* with *rope;* yet Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Pandolph, the legate of the Holy See to John Lackland, a noble and dignified address of rebuke and expostulation. Space does not, however, permit an extended study of the Catholicity of the great bard; but whoever will take the trouble of studying his religious aspects will bear us out in our conclusions.

Before closing, we would say a few words on the criticism which this series of articles has elicited from the secular and the Protestant press throughout the country. We do not complain of criticism considered in itself, for that we expect to receive; but we *do* object to misrepresentation, which, whether intentional or otherwise, is always inexcusable. A leading Protestant periodical, for instance, has made us say that every eminent writer is a Catholic. Another proceeds to refute our positions by telling us that such a poet and such an historian, claimed as illustrating the Catholic idea, is a devout member of such a Protestant church. An able and scholarly critic connected with a Philadelphia journal has persistently used the phrase, "Church dogma," as an equivalent for Catholic idea, which includes the whole system of Catholic thought, tradition, and observances. How unfair such criticism is becomes apparent to one who has properly appreciated our scope and design.

In reply to a magazine which has called upon us to furnish "any line" in Wordsworth or Tennyson which can be claimed as "Romish," we subjoin the sonnet of the former on the Virgin Mary, and the latter's *St. Agnes's Eve:*

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncross'd
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemish'd moon
Before her vane begins on heaven's blue coast,
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene."

"Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes,
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
On this first snow-drop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

"As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before thee;
So in my earthly house I am
To that I hope to be.

* * * *

"He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her light below,
And deepens on and up; the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbath of Eternity
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his Bride!"

ASK FOR REFERENCES.

In the interest of young traders and manufacturers, and especially of the latter, as well as for the information of the general reader, we wish to say a few words in regard to a system of secret swindling, of which but little is heard, and to which a number of unsuspecting persons have been made the victims—while it is known to be spreading in various directions. In all large cities, there exists a class of scoundrels who manage the perpetration of large frauds by a method, the very simplicity of which is likely to shield the perpetrators from suspicion. The mode of operation is as follows:

The swindlers, who generally work in couples or companionships, assume some well-sounding title, and engage offices and warehouses in some central place of business. They date their communications from hence, and commence business by issuing orders for goods to such traders and manufacturers as they judge available for their purpose. No doubt their experiments often fail, but a single success will amply repay them. In the choice of subjects to experiment upon they display remarkable adroitness, generally choosing young men, or men but lately embarked in a calling which is new to them. Further, they mostly pitch upon persons residing at some considerable distance, for the obvious reason that in such cases inquiry is more expensive, more troublesome, and therefore less likely to be rigorously instituted. We will suppose that Mr. Newcombe, a young man lately started in the north, after expending the bulk of his capital in preparing his premises and setting up his machinery, is anxious to see the first returns for his investments. He publishes his trade circulars, advertises in the local and the London newspapers, and takes all the means at his command for introducing his manufactures to the market. Such a beginner is the very pigeon the wholesale swindlers are anxious to pluck, and they make up their minds to pluck him accordingly. One fine morning the young manufacturer is gladdened by the receipt of a curt letter of business, wrapped in a broad envelope bear-

ing the embossed trade insignia of Messrs. W—— and M——, say, of Watling Street, and containing an order for goods to a considerable amount, if he can supply them, that is, at such and such rates. The terms proposed are not very liberal, but still they are such as will leave a margin of profit, while the very fact of such terms being proposed is itself an indication that the proposers are in the habit of doing an extensive business; and the young man is too glad of an opportunity for setting his machinery to work, to refuse the offer. Perhaps he writes to Messrs. W—— and M—— for further particulars, and very likely inquires what credit is expected by the gentlemen who have favored him with their commands. In that case he gets a reply per return, stating that the custom of Messrs. W—— and M—— is to pay with short bills, say two or three months, on the receipt of the goods and invoices. Mr. Newcombe probably does not think of asking for a reference in such a case; he imagines that Messrs. W—— and M—— are a wealthy firm, and the rather hard bargain they have driven with him has prevented even the rise of suspicion in his mind. The order is, therefore, executed as soon as possible, the goods are duly dispatched to London, and the payment for the same in the shape of a bill due in two or three months is punctually transmitted as agreed on. On the whole, it is not a bad stroke of business, thinks young Newcombe, and he would have no objection to such another. While in this mood he probably receives another letter, with a repetition of the same order, or one to twice the amount, with a polite request for its speedy execution and prompt transmission of the goods, on the ground that the demand for them is pressing and urgent at the present moment. Men and machines have now to work double tides, and all hands are busy night and day. Mr. Newcombe's neighbors think he is doing a roaring trade, and some of his rivals are a little jealous. When this second order is executed, and the goods are dispatched, comes a little breathing-time, and perhaps Mr. N. indulges in a brief holiday to recreate himself after weeks of working by day and night.

In course of time the first bill becomes due, and now, the reader is thinking, the bubble bursts, and poor Newcombe goes at once to the bad. But in fact it is not always so. If the first bill be for a moderate amount, and there be a tolerable certainty of getting a swingeing order executed before the second bill is payable, it will suit the experimenters to take up the first and defer the explosion until more goods are obtained, and a second bill has to be met. In that case the loss to Mr. Newcombe will be much greater. When the bills are dishonored—returned to the indorser with the fatal inscription, "No effects" —he cannot tell what to make of it —comforts himself, perhaps, at first, with the idea of some unaccountable mistake which will soon clear itself. Of course he writes immediately to Messrs. W—— and M——, and of course he gets no reply; and now, his suspicions being at length fully aroused, he runs express up to London to make investigations into the matter. Here his worst fears are realized. True,

he has no difficulty in finding the place of business—the office of the so-called firm with which he has been in correspondence. But the office is some small up-stairs room in a house crowded with offices, and said room has been for days past shut up, having a letter-box outside the door into which communications can be dropped. But not a soul belonging to the office is to be met with, and all inquiries among the tenants of the chambers around, above and below elicit only the unwelcome facts that Messrs. W—— and M—— are unknown to them—that the firm has been generally represented there by a rather seedy-looking lad of some seventeen, who seemed to have little to do beyond searching the letter-box, of which he kept the key, fetching his daily dinner from the cook-shop, and occasionally cooling himself on the stairs, where he was given to leaning contemplatively over the banisters, and sucking at a short pipe. When the landlord is appealed to, it is found that in connection with the office there is an underground cellar or warehouse for the reception of goods, also let to Messrs. W—— and M——; but that receptacle is known to be at present empty, the contents having but lately been removed in a couple of huge vans, but whither no one, unfortunately, is able to say. The landlord can give no information as to the private residence of his vanished tenants, and would himself be glad to be enlightened on that subject, seeing that there are two quarters' rent due, and a third quarter running on, while all that he has received is a trifling deposit made when the premises were hired.

The miserable truth soon comes to light, and it may be summed up in the simple statement that the swindlers have successfully plucked their pigeon. Poor Newcombe finds himself done on the wholesale principle. In vain he looks around for redress. He can hardly put the police upon the track of the villains, especially, as not unfrequently happens, if he has never seen their faces; he feels that people are right who tell him it is no use to "throw good money after bad," and he is fain to go back to the north a sadder but a wiser man. Let no one suppose that this is but an imaginary case; it is but a plain recital of a single experience, to which we might append several others, with the names of the suffering parties, were it incumbent on us so to do.

Of course, cases of this kind vary much in detail. The parties often come face to face, and business is carried on with a show of conviviality and openness that is quite refreshing to witness and participate; and the explosion, and the incidents which lead to it, may be so managed that the swindlers shall be in a condition to defy the law, even after the fullest exposure. In adroit hands the game is sometimes so cleverly played as to make the players responsible only for certain debts, and even to saddle the debts upon some uncomeatable individual, who is, perhaps, nothing more than a myth.

It may be supposed that a fraud such as is above described might be easily avoided were the intended victim to require references before doing business. But there are not wanting, in all large cities and elsewhere, persons who serve as refer-

ences *for a consideration*, and who will answer any inquiries favorably, if it is made worth their while to do so. These purchasable referees know what they are about, and while zealously furthering the purposes of their scoundrel clients, never commit themselves to any legal responsibility.

Now and then the wholesale swindlers overstep the line of safety, and, falling into the hands of the police, get locked up for a time; but they will start again under new names as soon as released, better qualified than ever for the successful prosecution of their plans. We are not aware of a single instance in which these birds of prey have been compelled to make restitution.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

You may gaze upon an object
  Till its likeness you retain,
And through distance, and through darkness,
  You behold that form again:
So I pondered on thy goodness
  Till there grew about my heart
Many never-dying feelings
  Which make up its better part.

You may listen to a measure,
  Till its sentiment and tone
Find a biding-place within you,
  And the song becomes your own:
So I treasured up thy sayings,
  And now, in my own, I find
The echoes of thy accents,
  The reflections of thy mind!

There are perfumes we remember
  When their sources are no more;
There are flavors that will linger
  When the banqueting is o'er:
So, the charms thy presence yielded
  Have outlived thy honeyed breath,
And my soul, that feasted freely,
  Will partake of them till death!

G. M.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

RENE FRANCIS VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND was born at St. Malo, in the northwest of France, on the 4th September, 1768, and was descended from an ancient and distinguished family of Brittany. He was at first intended for the naval profession, and was, when young, sent to Brest for the purpose of preparing himself for the sea, but he soon felt an inclination for the ecclesiastical state. His mind, however, was diverted from religious thoughts by the misfortune of falling in with bad books, by which he became tainted with infidelity. He sank at this period of life into sadness and despondency, and was near yielding to a temptation to commit suicide. His brother, the Count of Combourg, roused him from sombre thoughts to an active life, and he entered the army.

The death of Chateaubriand's father, in 1786, caused the family to remove to Paris, where Chateaubriand was presented to Louis XVI, and appointed a captain in the cavalry. He began at this time to evince a taste for literature, and cultivated the acquaintance of the leading writers of the time. His first published composition appeared in the "Almanac des Muses," and was a poetical contribution. When the French Revolution broke out, Chateaubriand took the side of the king, but his regiment having revolted, he left France for America in 1791. He had at this time an intention of endeavoring to discover the northwest passage. He was received by the President, the illustrious George Washington, with much attention. Having travelled through the United States, Chateaubriand turned to the haunts of the Indian tribes, whose mode of life he examined with much care. As, however, he had not left France through personal fear, he no sooner heard of the flight and capture of the king, than he resolved to return to his native country, and (having on the voyage narrowly escaped shipwreck) he arrived at Havre in the spring of 1792. He soon, with his brother, proceeded to Germany to join the army of French nobles, who were banded together for the purpose of endeavoring to check the French Revolution. He was wounded in one of the engagements on the frontiers, and after much suffering he reached Brussels, and subsequently Ostend, where he embarked for Jersey, and met a portion of his family. He did not remain there long, but repaired to London, and set himself to the laborious task of translating for bread. As he toiled almost without rest his health gave way, and at one time he suffered much from actual hunger, for he was too proud to apply for aid to the British Government. At this critical period of his life, it happened that some gentleman in Suffolk engaged him to translate some ancient French manuscripts. In 1797 he published his "Essai sur les Révolutions," a work which he had written during the nighttime of a lengthened period, and this work was most favor-

ably received. He learned, however, at this period, the melancholy tidings that several of his relations had been guillotined, and that his mother, after a long imprisonment, had died. Her dying words were a prayer for his conversion to grace from infidelity, and it pleased God that her message should procure that happy result. When he heard it he returned to Christianity, deeply affected at his mother's dying prayer. "I wept," said he, "and I believed." He then resolved to dedicate all his talents to the illustration of the greatness of the Christian religion. Hence his sublime work, "Le Génie du Christianisme."

In 1801, Chateaubriand returned to France, and produced his "Atala," a work which, though highly poetical, has some serious faults. In 1802, his "Génie du Christianisme," appeared, and at once stamped the author as a man of first-rate intellectual power, and procured for him the friendship of Napoleon, who was at this time engaged in arranging with Pope Pius VII respecting the restoration of the national religion to France. Chateaubriand was sent to Rome as secretary to Cardinal Fesch, the ambassador from France to the Court of the Holy Father. He soon returned to France, and was appointed to some other office; but this he resigned in disgust, the day after the judicial murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and he refused to accept any other situation from Napoleon.

In 1806, Chateaubriand visited the Holy Land, and returned to France, through Egypt and Spain. It was amid the ruins of the Alhambra, he wrote "The Last of the Abencerrages." In 1807, he wrote an attack on Napoleon's government, which incensed the emperor, who, however, abandoned the intention of arresting him. He even still thought of gaining him over, and Chateaubriand was named for a vacancy in the French Academy. He would not, however, accept even this honor by the compromise of his principles. Every new member must read an address, and this must first be approved of by a committee. In his address, Chateaubriand expressed himself strongly against some of the principles which were identified with Napoleon's views, and Chateaubriand was not admitted to the intended honor.

It was, therefore, in perfect consistency that Chateaubriand supported the restoration of the Bourbons. He held office under Louis XVIII in 1814; but at the second restoration, in 1815, he declined to act with Talleyrand. He became a peer in 1816, and published a famous pamphlet, entitled "La Monarchie selon la Charte." This production was an able defence of constitutional government, and was opposed to the views of those in power. The book was suppressed; the author was tried. Though acquitted, he was deprived of his income, and had to sell his library as a means of subsistence. He then started a newspaper, and broke down the ministry, and was again in office in 1820, as ambassador to Berlin. In 1822 he became ambassador to England, and shortly afterwards Foreign Secretary in France. In 1824 he was again driven into opposition, and again he returned to newspapers; and by an incessant fire against ministers in the columns

of the "Journal des Débats," he brought down his enemies, and returned to power on the accession of Charles X. Strictly consistent, however, in his adherence to constitutional government, he resigned when Polignac entered office. On the downfall of Charles X he proposed the recognition of the son of the Duke de Berri, but his efforts were overruled by the friends of Louis Philippe.

Chateaubriand then resigned all his public dignities and pensions, and retired into private life. In 1833, a pamphlet he wrote was the cause of his being tried, but he was acquitted. He passed the remaining fifteen years of his life in literature, mostly of a non-political character, and died in Paris in July, 1848. His latest speech was an eloquent tribute to the Archbishop of Paris, who was killed at one of the barricades.

Chateaubriand was a fearless politician, one of the first of orators, and one of the most eloquent of writers. His "Génie du Christianisme" is a work whose highest praise is, that it has been universally pronounced worthy of its theme.

A NOBLE LADY.

Chapter VIII.

There is certainly nothing to be found in these letters which could lead any one to guess that a fatal change had come about in Adelaide's health; and yet some months before the date of the last, pain and other too well-known symptoms had come to warn her that the enemy was not overcome, and then to convince her that it had conquered. In short, the pitiless disease was reasserting its fatal course; and Adelaide knew it, and was resigned to the knowledge. If we admire her courage three years before, when the first indication of evil had shown itself, we must now wonder at it much more, when the trial had reappeared, aggravated by the many attempts at cure, by so much suffering, and by so many vain hopes. Now there was no longer any room for doubt. She had accepted suffering with patience; had gone through the painful cure with energy; had welcomed hope with joy, and had beheld her life renewed with thanksgiving. But now death clearly showed itself to be the ever-blessed will of God; and as she had accepted the suffering and the cure, the hopes and their failure, so she accepted death also, without weakness, without hesitation, and without complaint.

From this moment that already grand soul began to develop more and more, and each successive day to make known from what Divine source she drew her courage, what support hindered her from failing, and, above all, what was that strength which had caused her, with such firm faith, to believe that her weakness could endure *all things*. At the beginning of this

relapse, as at the outset of her illness, she changed nothing of her outward life; nothing betrayed anxiety or trouble. The only resolution she took was not to undergo another operation; but she consented to follow a course of treatment, which she undertook as if she had hopes of its success, and so spoke of it as to induce others to hope also.

That year—1867—Christmas-eve was celebrated at Bellavista with great solemnity. The tribune in which Adelaide heard Mass every day led out of a gallery to her room; she could thus assist at all the ceremonies, which gave her inexpressible joy. She said to me: "I thought I should not have strength for it; and I so reckoned on it; for I do think it will be my last Christmas on earth." But scarcely had this inner thought escaped her when she quickly added: "I beg of you not to say a word to Pauline," her eldest sister.

Towards the spring the disease somewhat abated; and when I went away she said: "If you come back before the autumn, you will find me here still." But when she saw what pain these words gave me, she smiled and said: "You will see that I shall not suffer too much; the disease will spread too rapidly, perhaps even suddenly. If not, God will help me. His will be done!"

This was the end of everything to her. But to enter into the strength of the words from her lips, and at the time they were uttered, we must call to mind the terms in which she spoke to Adelina of her submission to God's will, and remember that now the cruel disease of which she was dying threatened to become a wound, and to cover her whole face. Certainly many of the best, and bravest, and most resigned to death might have trembled in such a case at the thoughts of all that might come to aggravate death; but Adelaide did not blench; she went straightforward along the path of acceptance without looking back; and God allowed the peace of perfect detachment to become more and more shining in her bright soul. The only special request she made at this time of her sisters, her friends, and all whom she knew, was, never to ask that she might be cured.

This thorough submission would appear more surprising if I could have better described her state of activity, and moral and intellectual enjoyment, when this terrible disease seized her in keen health. Her years had neither injured her, nor robbed her of her bloom, nor chilled in the very least her heart; and she would have rejoiced to live with a thankfulness equal to the submission with which she accepted death. But that we may acknowledge in all things the goodness of God, it must be added that if He laid upon her one hard trial, He spared her those which she would have found a thousand times more terrible. She was conscious of bodily disease in its severest shape, but she never knew the grief of outliving those she loved; and if she had been called upon to choose her cross, we feel sure she would have chosen that which she carried rather than the other.

While death drew near with slow but relentless steps, Adelaide calmly pursued her ordinary course of life. As long as she could raise her arm

without suffering too much, she painted and carved. When this labor was beyond her strength, she read and studied; and when she grew too weak to read herself, she listened to others reading, and seemed to take the same interest as ever in these pursuits. In that submission to God's will, which is the most perfect preparation for death as well as the perfection of life, if she had been told that she should die before the end of the day, she would certainly have said, like St. Aloysius Gonzaga, that she could do no other than she was doing.

Nothing apparently changed in her state of health for some months; but at the end of the year her sadly stationary condition suddenly took a new and worse aspect; but although the danger became more imminent, the disease was less painful, having changed its nature; and while the sufferer's courage never gave way, even when long agonies seemed in store for her, it became less trying to her friends to see the malady—probably from the effect of treatment—changed into rapid consumption.

Remembering, then, that her people might rather wish her to die among them, she resolved to leave that beautiful bay, upon which she had fondly hoped her eyes might rest to the last, and her beloved home, where, a few months before, she had blessed God for allowing her to end her days, and to take a small lodging in Naples, where she might breathe her last. It may be, too, that she wished to avoid the too sad recollections for the survivors, which would cling to Bella-vista; but, be that as it may, she carried out this sacrifice with her usual courage, concealing, even from the faithful companion of her life, what it cost her. But when the time came for their departure, thinking that she was alone in the drawing-room—so crowded with memorials of friendship, study, and devotion, and where so many happy hours had been spent—she was seen to go up to the walls and kiss them.

After this farewell, she and her sister took their way to Naples, looking back once only at the sea, the mountains, Vesuvius, and all that enchanting scene which had been the magnificent framework of her simple and noble life. On the 24th December, 1868, Adelaide came to Naples to finish her generous and courageous, and I might almost say her *joyful* sacrifice; for in the worst of the cruellest agonies she sometimes cried out: "O, what joys, what joys are these! not human, but Divine!" "Do you know," she said again, one of the last days of her life, "do you know the real inscription to carve upon a tomb? It is *Janua Cœli*,"—Gate of Heaven.

Even then she scarcely ever spoke of her approaching end, that she might spare others; but having wished to see a young English girl, a servant to one of her friends, who had nursed her well and faithfully three years before at Paris, and who was going away, she said to her, "Eliza, I wanted to see you again, to thank you once more, and to say good-bye to you. In less than a month's time I shall be no longer here; *but do not say this to any one.*" Seeing the girl's eyes fill with tears, Adelaide said, "Ah, do not be grieved; I am so glad!

It will be so beautiful up there! so beautiful; and we shall be so happy!" Then she changed the subject, and obliged the girl to answer her, listening to her with a smile; and after hearing one of her stories, said, "Ah, I should laugh heartily if it were not for this;" pointing patiently to her poor scarred and ever-aching cheek.

She kept up in the same way until the day on which she asked for the Last Sacraments. After that time, without losing her calm, she put away her constraint, and spoke of her death openly and simply to us all.

She received Extreme Unction and the Viaticum, and a great number of the poor of Posilippo and Bellavista having come in tears to see her and bid her farewell, the venerable priest who attended her begged her to receive them. They came in, and to each one she spoke a kind word and gave some last advice. "Remember," she said to a prisoner whose discharge she had obtained, "remember to conduct yourself always well." They begged her to give them her blessing; "she shrugged up her shoulders, smiling with a gesture of humility, as if they were not in earnest; but then she obeyed their wish, and lifting up her hand, still most beautiful in spite of the emaciation of sickness, she made the sign of the Cross over them all." These words I quote from her beloved niece, who above all others had been moulded by the impress of the soul now leaving this world.

The struggle with death was long-continued, and Adelaide seemed to beseech the forgiveness of all who suffered at seeing her suffer, and could not understand why her God so delayed His coming. "I am grieving you all," she said, "and here am I, happy among you!" She was pained when with her eldest sister, seeing her suffer so much; while to Clotilde, her inseparable companion, she spoke sweet words, still avoiding too much emotion. Once with great earnestness she said to her niece and nephew, who were always with her, "I commend my Lolé to you"—her pet name for Clotilde—"do not let her be too much alone." And when they bade her be quite happy on that score, she replied, "O, I am happy; for you know very well that I have never spoken about this till now." To Adelina and Ernest she repeated, "I recommend the straight course to you both, everywhere and always." By this she always meant, to them, the practice of religion. Even in these solemn moments she preserved that graceful charm which had always characterized her. Her maid once came in, saying that she was dying of cold; when Adelaide smiled, and observed, "One comes in saying she is dying of cold, and another that she is dying of fatigue; I really think I am the only one among you who is alive."

Her sufferings, nevertheless—the terrible effect of the disease, which, while checked outwardly, was undermining her vital powers—were sometimes excessive; but when, in spite of her efforts, she could not help crying out, she said, "My good God, it is only my nerves that scream! I am glad to suffer, and to suffer for Thee." Another time, when in an agony of sharp pain, she exclaimed, "O

my God! I do not ask for any respite, but I do beg of Thee to give me courage."

The day but one before her death, the sharp suffering ceased, and she looked upon this relief as the forerunner of her end. "The word agony," she said, "seems terrible at a distance; but if I am in my agony, it is very sweet."

Crowds of friends came one after another, anxious to show their love, and to obtain from her at least a single word of farewell. She spoke to them all in turn, and to each with some distinguishing mark of affection. On her lips the sweet diminutives of the South sounded sweeter than ever; and very many times were the names of Nina, Dora, Maria, Giuditalla, *Carmensita dulce*,* with suchlike others, pronounced by her during her last days on earth. No one who knew her could doubt that every one of these friends had each some word, some thought, some special prayer, or that she bore with her the remembrance of each to love them in Heaven as she had loved them on earth; for she was thoroughly convinced that death cuts off nothing, but merely changes the holy affections of earth by giving them full power as well as unending life.

So, at last, the hour of Adelaide's blessed rest had come; the hour which she had distinctly named a whole day before; the hour of passage from this perishable life to that glorious and immortal state for which she had lived.

It was on the 9th of January, at half-past three o'clock, while surrounded by every one dear to her on earth; her two sisters, those whom she called her children, one kneeling beside her, holding her hand, and the other supporting her drooping head. Thus she yielded her soul, without pain, after once more uttering the words so often heard during her illness: *In Te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum.* "In Thee, O Lord, I have hoped; I shall not be confounded forever."

* * * * *

O thou dear and noble soul! gentle and strong, now joined to so many other among the blessed, pray, oh pray with them for all those whom thou didst so love on earth!

The Southern custom—so unlike the usages of the North—banishes the nearest relations immediately from the bedside of their dead, and forbids them even to follow them to the grave; for the very vehemence of their grief renders them habitually incapable of acting like those who are accustomed to master and overcome their feelings. This custom, however, gives its special day of pious devotedness to friendship, as what is forbidden to the relations is imposed as a kind of obligation upon the friends; and some are chosen from among them to perform those painful duties which are usually left in others' hands. All Adelaide's friends were inclined to claim this mournful privilege; and there were several who, in the end, agreed to share the sad offices which follow death. The post of remaining beside the remains fell upon two friends, whose long intimacy and devoted affection

* Princess Torella, the young Duchess di Balzo, the Marchioness Bugnano, the Marchioness di Montesilvano, the Duchess di Bivona, whose name was Carmen, and to whom she always spoke in Spanish, "My sweet little Carmen."

gave it them almost as a right. These friends of her childhood and youth—Euphemia and Elizabeth Fonton—were two sisters, who, having lost a third sister, whom they deeply loved, had given up the world, to carry on, in almost nun-like retirement, those good works which belong to the heroism of charity. In this way their love and sorrow had long induced them to lead that kind of life together in seclusion which Adelaide and Clotilde led in society; and they had always maintained their mutual intimacy. Now therefore they presented themselves with loving reverence to fulfil the last great duty of friendship; but they were not alone, for a third friend, much younger than these two—the Duchess Ravaschieri Fieschi—came to join them. She had been struck down, in the bloom of life, by one of those blows which, if they do not blight by hopelessness or a heartless dissipation, stamp the soul with a special seal, and open to it higher and purer regions, where peace, if not happiness, may be regained. This young mother had lost her only child—an angelic creature, whom others besides herself can never forget—and had been linked to Adelaide by that sympathy of noble souls which draws them together, and forms closer ties than those of blood. She also shared the sad satisfaction of fulfilling those last duties which were all that remained to them now.

Their hands prepared the body of Adelaide for burial, and laid it upon a bed covered with flowers and shaded by no funeral draperies; for she had expressly desired that the customs of Naples should not be observed in her instance. They, therefore, left her room in its usual way, and everything about the dear remains wore its ordinary, simple, peaceful, and bright look, like the soul of which they were the shell, whose impress had not been the least changed by death.

Then, after her own beloved people had kissed her for the last time, the neighbors, the peasants whom she had loved, and the needy whom she had helped, came to pray beside her. Then, too, were heard sobs and cries mingled with prayers, for grief with the Neapolitans is as noisy and expansive as their joy. Among the exclamations which echoed on all sides, a poor woman of Posilippo was heard to exclaim, "*Go then, go to thy home, thou beautiful bit of Paradise!*" and we should not like to leave out this lowly but vivid expression of belief in her immediate happiness. Adelaide's three friends then placed her in the coffin, and these same three followed her to her last resting-place.

In another day this resting-place would have been the magnificent chapel where her forefathers lie, and the great doors of the Cathedral of Naples, above which stands the lion of their shield, would have opened as in former times, and for them alone, to let them pass to their rest. Now her burial-place is a lowlier one; but the sweet recollections which hover about it yield more honor than that splendid fane to the name she bore, to the land that she loved, to the holy faith which she practiced, and to the God Whom she so loved, and Who crowned her with reward.

(THE END.)

THE FATAL JOKE.

I WAS once present where a small party of young persons were warmly discussing the subject of practical joking. After a long and interesting debate the question seemed about to be decided in its favor, when a gentleman, whose singular, melancholy, and dejected air, at once attracted our attention, related the following story.

"In my younger days I was remarkable for my fondness of practical joking, even to such a degree that I never allowed a good opportunity to pass over unimproved. My orphan cousin Robert, to whom I was fondly attached, was of a different nature from this. He was sober, sedate, and graceful almost to a fault, very thoughtful, and very bashful. This stupidity, as I called it, was often a check upon my natural gayety, and it was seldom I could induce him to join my boyish sports, though he sometimes did, merely to gratify me. Poor Robert! the green turf of his native valley—on whose bosom the fairest flowers that England could boast of have blossomed, and withered, and passed away to eternity, leaving behind them a lasting impress of their loveliness—now covers his mouldering ashes. Yes, Robert is dead; and I am the cause of his untimely end; the circumstances of which will serve to convince you of the folly of 'practical joking.'

"It was late one evening in early September, that Robert and myself retired to our room to talk over the exciting scenes of the day, for it was the night after the election, and a fine holiday it had been to us. I had just returned from a visit to some friends in the city, and had, of course, brought with me very many curious things which Robert had never seen or heard of. Among them was a mask, the use of which I explained to my simple cousin, who laughed and wondered why the people could wish to look horrible enough to wear one. I was in my gayest mood, just ready for any adventure, and seeing he was disposed to make fun of my mask, I proposed an experiment.

"'What,' exclaimed my cousin, 'you do not intend to wear it in bed, do you?'

"'Far from it,' I replied; 'it is you who should wear the mask; not I. Indeed, I am quite ape enough without it.'

"'A very just remark indeed,' he observed gravely.

"I had never seen him in better humor, and I thought it best to unfold my plans at once. At our next door lived a wealthy gentleman, with whose daughter my bashful cousin was already smitten. That very night as we passed by, on our return from the village, he had called and bade her good night, and received in return one of the sweetest smiles from the happiest eyes and most charming lips I ever beheld. I was his bosom friend, and to me he always intrusted his secrets (alas! how little have I deserved such confidence); yet he always blushed when I spoke of Julia. Some evil spirit—I know not what else it could have been—

prompted me when I proposed to have a little sport at her expense. My plans were these: he was to dress himself in a suit of clothes to correspond with the mask, which, by the way, was the most frightful-looking thing I ever saw, repair to the dwelling of his friend, and call her to the door by rapping. I was to stand near to witness the result, and participate in the joke. He blushed, hung down his head, and, of course, refused. I had expected this, but flattered myself that I could easily persuade him to the contrary. It was, however, a harder task than I had anticipated, for his unwillingness seemed greater than ever; the reason I readily understood. I poohed and pshawed, and finally threatened to expose to all the boys his cowardly disposition, as I pleased to term it, and tender feeling to Julia, which as yet none of them had discovered. This last argument proved more successful than the other, for he well knew that I had never suffered the idlest threat to remain unfulfilled; and the fear of being laughed at, besides betraying that which he most wished to conceal, conquered; and he yielded, though reluctantly, his consent. I even exulted over my triumph, though I have often since wished my lips had been struck dumb before I had uttered those words that sealed the fate of two pure beings. But in my thoughtlessness I rushed heedlessly on in whatever I undertook, regardless of consequences. My wild, reckless spirit had never been tamed. Finding that there was but one alternative—and that to submit cheerfully to my whim—he suffered himself to be arrayed as my fancy suggested, with good grace, and even laughed quite heartily as I added garment after garment, in order to make him look as frightful as possible; yet, after all, I could see that his mind was ill at ease, and I half condemned myself for being the cause of his unhappiness. When at length all was arranged to my satisfaction, I placed the horrid mask over his face, and led him to the mirror. He started back, and involuntarily placed his hand on his head, as if to take it away, but my interference prevented. He even pleaded that the penalty I had threatened to inflict, in case he refused to go, might be spared him. But I was inexorable; I was anxious to see the result, and the delay caused by his unwillingness vexed and annoyed me. A renewal of my threats of exposure succeeded in removing all obstacles, and we immediately set about our adventure.

"Cautiously as thieves we crept through the yard, and each took his station; Robert at the door and I at the window nearest him. The curtain was partly drawn aside, so that I could easily distinguish every object in the room. As I had anticipated, she was alone. The domestic had retired, and I knew her old father too well to believe that he was anywhere but in the arms of Somnus; for he was one of those sensible persons whose maxim is, 'Early to bed and early to rise.' Julia—and I shall never forget how lovely she was—sat beside a small table in the centre of the room, apparently deeply absorbed in a book. Her fair hand supported her head, and her hair fell down her neck in beautiful and natural ringlets. She was a delicate wild flower, that had

budded and blossomed under the shelter of her father's roof; and the sunshine of gladness and the dews of affection had ever lighted and cheered her way. At length I made the signal, and a loud rap was given. She paused for a moment, listened attentively, and then, laying down her book, arose and approached the door. As she opened it, the mask stepped boldly in, according to my directions.

"How shall I describe the scene that followed? Even now I shudder to think of it. Instantly all earthly hue had fled from her face, and with a piercing shriek she staggered back a few paces, and fell heavily to the floor. Quicker than lightning I sprang through the doorway, and knelt at her side. I grasped her waist—its pulsation had ceased! I placed my hand upon the heart—that was also still! She was dead! I can recall little else that took place that night. The domestics who slept in an adjoining room had been awakened by that terrible shriek, and came rushing in to learn the cause of the uproar. I could not have spoken, even had explanation been necessary. I could only point to the lifeless form of poor Julia, and at the mask which Robert had torn from his face and dashed on the floor. He stood gazing at me with a vacant stare, that I too well understood. More I cannot remember.

"Ten days passed, and I awoke from a raving delirium. My first inquiry was for Robert. They led him to my bedside; but oh, what a change! I stretched out my clasped hands, in an agony of grief and remorse, to implore his forgiveness. He neither moved nor spoke; but that same unmeaning stare drove home to my heart the fearful conviction. Alas! he was a hopeless idiot.

"Fifteen years have elapsed since that never-to-be-forgotten era of my life. I never have, I never can, forgive myself for having been the cause of so much misery, though I have sought and hoped for forgiveness from on high. I never can look upon a mask without a shudder, or hear its use denounced without alluding to my experience. And you, my young friends, when you are tempted to play tricks upon others, I am sure will stop to consider that what seems so innocent and harmless may, perhaps, in the end, prove a 'fatal joke.'"

DIFFICULTY.

Few persons are so favorably circumstanced as not to be aware that life is encircled with perplexities. All attainable advantages have to be gained, as it were, by conquest. Man everywhere encounters an antagonism of impediments. Without an expenditure of faculty, of labor, of valiant personal endeavor, there is no possibility of progress or advancement in any of the paths of social or individual well being. All the satisfactions of the universe require to be purchased, must be resolutely won, by vigorous displays of manly force, and are yielded to none save under a stern compliance with conditions.

The dominion of nature is despotic: an inviolable obedience to her appointments is indispensable to the success of every action; nor is there any means whereby a man can fulfil his authentic destiny otherwise than by reconciling his aims and aspirations with the necessary tendencies of the natural economy. Human freedom is hence contingent upon a due perception of the specialties of the Divine arrangements; and a practical conformity with these, which constitutes a virtuous activity, demands great and faithfully-sustained efforts, and a vigorous and determined discipline of spirit. That moral liberty which is the highest and most desirable attainment in a man's experience, is achievable only by victory over obstacles, by a resolute and successful subjugation of those circumstantial impediments which obstruct the growth and manifestation of the soul's powers and capabilities.

Thus the position of man in the world is one of imminent and inevitable difficulty. Having to work out his life into harmony with the general design of things, and being by nature liable to endless misapprehensions, and not the less to manifold practical shortcomings, he is continually opposed by bitter and harassing contradictions, which dissipate and baffle his best strength, and frequently overwhelm him with discouragement and failure. It is not, however, on that account to be inferred that the oppositions and perplexities which we encounter are so many instances of unmodified disaster, exerting over us nothing but evil influences, and calculated only to damage that unity and entirety of being which persons desirous of faithfully fulfilling their destination are understood to be earnestly striving to attain. On the contrary, it is true, and by a little reflection may be rendered clear to the understanding, that all *evil* which does not take the shape of a practical and personal wickedness is invested with certain tendencies of benefit, and contributes indirectly to the production or manifestation of some particular *good*, which, without collision with its opposite, might not have been brought into visible action or appearance. Of this kind are obviously all those external hindrances which obstruct the free and spontaneous expansion of human character. Repression of any force has a disposition to strengthen and augment the force itself. So long as the vital power is not utterly extinguished, or to any considerable extent impaired in its essential properties, the antagonism will tend mainly to consolidate and intensify the repressed energy, so that, on the ultimate removal or vanquishment of the obstruction, it will probably shoot forth into a more perfect development than would have been otherwise attained. Instances of the sort are by no means singular in the history of the human mind, nor even in the wider history of nations. And certainly it is a fact clear to the loosest observation, that the men who have been least obstructed in their culture, or have had fewest obstacles to contend with in their general life-progress, have nowise been remarkable for the greatness of their success, or for any visible superiority over those who were

less fortunately situated; while, on the other hand, it is sufficiently well known that the most eminent and noteworthy of mankind have for the most part been those whose early career was almost inextricably beset with difficulties, which needed to be reconciled or overcome before any satisfactory progress could be made towards realizing their peculiar aims and aspirations.

Indeed nothing great or worthy has ever been done in the world without a struggle. Man is evidently born to contend with opposition, to wrestle with whatsoever difficulty may anywhere withstand him, and, by that lusty and invigorating exercise, to win additions to his native strength. He is the more a man through every successful conflict with hardship or temptation. Once inspired with a noble purpose, all adversity cannot quench the enkindled puissance within him, nor subdue the earnest strivings by which he seeks to give form and being to the living thought which he personifies. Like a suppressed or hidden flame, which for a long time burns in secret, making no visible breach in the mass of material which surrounds and covers it, but at last, through some slight crevice, ascends gradually towards the air, and envelops all about it in one common conflagration, so, by dim degrees, does the fire of manly power work silently among the vaults and invisible passages of circumstance, till the floors and beams which conceal and keep it down are all ablaze with its irresistible heat, and it darts up finally in volumes of awe and splendor. And as the vastness of the havoc in the material catastrophe is invariably proportioned to the extent and bulk of impediment which, by hiding the presence of fire, fostered its undermining ravages, so it is matter of experience that the greater the accumulation of circumstantial obstacles, so long as they extinguish not, but only hinder or repress the natural energies of a man, the more certainly do they tend, by trial and provocation, to strengthen and temper his capacity for ultimate and sure victory over all surmountable obstructions. Whatsoever exertion is accordant with the principles of nature, that will nature eventually sanction and substantiate. All the external oppositions and necessities of life are therefore to be regarded as a complication of inverse aids and assistances, by a right use of which a man's personal and inward force may be the more successfully displayed. Trial, hardship, exasperation, pains, and disappointments, though in themselves unquestionable evils, may be nevertheless transformed into ulterior and effective benefits, by being severally the occasions of stimulating the mind to renewed or worthier activity, or by undeceiving the too credulous and romantic heart with respect to some of those manifold delusions which, from defect of experience, it is so extremely apt to cherish. Everything that acquaints us with reality, or enables us to comprehend the measure of ourselves, contributes more or less in its degree to put us into right relations with the world and our own consciousness, and to bring us into a reasonable conformity with the dispensations of existence.

Every obstruction is, accord-

ingly, a means of culture. The world being in a manner organized with special reference to the education of humanity, there is nothing preposterous in believing that difficulties and obstacles have been designedly introduced into its constitution for the sake of a more adequate cultivation of our faculties than would, apparently, have been possible by any less severe process. To question the perfection of this arrangement would be a manifest impiety against the Maker of the universe. Besides, it is evident to human reason that the system whereof man is part is altogether fair and perfect; that it is based upon an infinite and unchangeable goodness, which pervades and vivifies every minute and most inconsiderable portion; and is, indeed, the substance wherein man's life and his relations are all fundamentally established. And though we have experimentally no acquaintance with anything but a mixture of good and ill—which we everywhere perceive to be more or less constantly allied—yet we have, or at least are capable of having, a well-grounded assurance within ourselves that there is an absolute goodness which transcends experience; and that whatsoever destiny awaits us, it will be one in just accordance with the infinite perfections. This conviction is sufficient to justify the soul in that reliance which it instinctively places on the eternal integrity of the universe, and through which it unquestionably derives an ample and genuine contentment. Nor is it to be doubted that through experience with disaster, with hindrances, perplexity, or defeat, the mind acquires something of additional energy, some superadded tone of vigor or of thoughtfulness, a finer and loftier discernment, a wider compass of power or sensibility. And thus all the inequalities of condition may be finally rounded in, even as the curve of the globe, by reason of its immensely-accommodating comprehensiveness, reduces and includes mountain, and plain, and valley within one level and uniform sphericity.

The testimony of persons who have wrestled strenuously with fortune goes invariably to support the opinion, that a measure of opposition to a man's natural wishes and ambition exerts over him a wholesome and beneficial influence. The unpracticed human will is insatiate in its demands, boundless in its expectations. For its exorbitant desires the universe were scarcely too immense for a possession, nor its store of endless gratifications too abundant for its satisfaction. But inasmuch as man is constituted to find his earthly welfare in specific and limited enjoyments, it is obviously needful that he should learn to moderate his inclinations, and not unreasonably spend his strength in pursuit of an inordinate and impracticable happiness. Therefore his life has been wisely hedged about with limitations, to the end that he might the better conform himself to the manner of existence for which he was intentionally created. The strife and conflict with necessity, whereto he is constitutionally appointed, is accessory to the evolution of that personal and spiritual freedom which is open to his attainment in the world of human effort. Through hardship

and manifold shapes of trial he advances towards an ultimate contentedness; and on looking back upon his thorny and obstructed path, can even thankfully discern that the things which had once so formidably impeded him, contributed, nevertheless, by their severe and rigorous stimulations, to brace and invigorate his strength, and operated in the end as furtherances of his progress. In this light at least many a brave spirit has estimated the effects of difficulty upon its individual cultivation. Bitter, doubtless, in the passing were the harsh straitenings and humiliations which the proud sufferer had to bear, in his long and disconsolate journey on the bleak highways of expectation perpetually deferred, with the rough tempests howling round him, and over his unsheltered head only the wide starless gloom and unmitigable cheerlessness of night; yet when the dawn of a more prosperous day arrived, he could the more wisely bless and welcome the joyful sunlight, and while remembering the bygone travail of his soul, take comfort in the sight and neighborhood of cheerful things which, but for that remembrance, he might have overlooked, or gazed on with irrational indifference. Whosoever is called to buffet with misfortunes, to toil unrecompensed under the weight of irksome tasks, to sacrifice upon the altar of his necessity his best gifts and aspirations, or in any way to bear in his own person the painful burden of poverty or wrong, he surely has cause to deem his destiny insupportable were it utterly without remedy or hope; but in the faith that there is, nevertheless, in all severities a covert and inextinguishable beneficence which can exalt and purify the soul of him who bears them bravely, there is an abiding consolation which may sustain it in patient and unwavering endurance. A profound wisdom and an admirable encouragement are conveyed in that memorable saying of our illustrious and universal poet—

> "There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
> would men observingly distil it out."

The interest and admiration of the world are centred forever around them that brave with magnanimity the oppositions and hostility of circumstances. What is it that so endears and glorifies the hero but the lofty and unquenchable courage which, even in humiliation and defeat, renders him invincible? It is the godlike and undaunted energy which flinches not at danger, which stands erect and splendid amid ruin and desolation, and carries its noble head, under all reverses and disasters, with an undiminished consciousness of dignity. How tame, in comparison, is the pampered stateliness of "cushioned ease," the soft prosperity that winceth at the irritation of a nerve! This is neither beautiful nor honorable in the sight of any man. None but the mean and frivolous will condescend to pay it homage. But the constant sympathy and compassion of mankind cling naturally about the brave, about the valiant men and devoted women who sustained their souls in cheerfulness amid calamity, wreathing for them graceful garlands of imperishable love, and commemorating their steadfast patience with songs of admiration.

The very gods, as was said of old, look with a gracious approbation on a good man struggling with adversity. Nor is it reasonably to be doubted, notwithstanding the endless wreck of noble natures fallen in weary conflict with tribulation, that the adversity has even been permitted, to the end that they who have to contend with it might thereby the more excellently illustrate their manliness. The ennobling virtues that have flourished in all ages, and shed a magnificent adornment around the history of man, have been nurtured into grandeur and stability by the rude assaults of injury and opposition, by the ungenerous but inspiring buffetings of difficulty and mortal hardship; which, in aiming at their repression, furthered and fostered them, nevertheless, into a more manifest perfection. Be of courage, thou desponding heavily-laden heart! nor falter in the prosecution of any enterprise which thou canst conscientiously and calmly justify; for in this thou art doing bravely, and art in the way of true endeavor, even shouldst thou never compass any visible success. Nay, there is or shall be inevitable victory for all the worthy; if not now, yet assuredly hereafter, in some higher, more congenial sphere of being, and where the compensations of fidelity are more perfectly dispensed. He who has looked upon the sun when, after a stormy day, he went down in glory, may have seen therein an emblem of human faithfulness—how that which is beautiful is never lost, but becomes finally vindicated and revealed—may have seen that the lordly orb, whose presence was obscured throughout the day, had nevertheless pursued his path across the heavens; and that the clouds which intercepted his shining did in the end become illumined with his rays, and in streaks of manifold-colored radiance made the western sky ablaze with splendor: and in this gorgeous apotheosis of light he may have discerned an apt similitude of the brilliant transfiguration which succeeds to every career of faithful effort sustained amid the storms and obscurations of calamity.

Let us learn to endure hardness; for difficulty, though it darkens and disturbs, does also elevate and beautify the life of man; even as abrupt prominences and the rough irregularities of nature make the boldest and most admirable scenery. An easy life is not the noblest. In a smooth current of undeviating tranquillity there is little to exalt the thoughts or sensibility of mind and heart. What, in nature, is more uninteresting or destitute of grandeur than a flat, unvarying stream, flowing languidly through a level country? But would you see the beauty and sublimity of a river, follow it up into the hills, mark its progress among the rugged rocks, see how it dashes boldly from ledge to ledge, writing the story of its struggling restlessness in furrows on the brow of hardest stone, casting around it a splendid tumult with its very foam and spray; and where it attains to the majesty of a waterfall, "taking the rainbow from the skies to fold around its breast." Even such is human life: bounding mightily through the pass of danger, and over the rough besetments of earth-

ly difficulty. By earnest deeds and sublime endurances, by the lusty wrestlings which try his strength, by vigorous action in the face of obstacles and temptation, a man is spiritually and everlastingly ennobled. He puts the world under his feet, and through his mastery over fortune, repairs incessantly the dilapidations of his life; turning all harshness and perplexity into blessed uses, and drawing consolation from the bitter wells of sorrow; deriving nourishment from that which seemed to threaten his destruction; and, by his natural robustness, wrenching delight out of anxiety: even as a painful thought in a poet's brain will shape itself in words of beauty. Let no man shirk his share of terrestrial hardships, never pamper himself into undue sensitiveness or anxiety for ease, but boldly bear the brunt of human strife: manfully endure whatever ought to be endured, manfully contend against whatever ought to be encountered, for this is the wholesome exercise whereby he gathers power and access of life to his own soul.

J. L.

THE BIBLE BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

In England, in the year 706, Adhelm, Bishop of Sherburn, translated the Psalter into Saxon. Egbert, Bishop of Lindisfern, translated the four Gospels into the same, Saxon, and after these the Venerable Bede, who died in 735, translated the whole Bible from the Vulgate into the same language. In the reign of Alfred, who died in the year 900, a new translation of the Psalms was commenced, and Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 995, translated the five books of Moses, Joshua, Job, Judges, Ruth, part of Kings, Esther, and Maccabees. In England, the whole Bible appeared, according to Usher, in 1270. In the fourteenth century, Wycliffe issued a second Bible. Wharton, Usher, and Wood, in their Antiquities of Oxford, speak of Trevisa's translation as the oldest. In 1582 the New Testament was published at Rheims, reprinted at Antwerp in 1633; both Old and New, at Douay, in 1609, revised in 1750; and is now the Catholic English version throughout the world. After the art of printing, which was little used until 1462, and before 1534, the date of Luther's German Bible, there were in the vernacular languages of Europe more than seventy editions of the Bible. In Italy, 14 editions; in France, 19; in Germany, 15; in Holland, 9; in Spain, 2; in Bohemia, 4. Thus it appears that the existence of the Bible in the vernacular languages of Europe is a great fact that was true before Luther was born or the Reformation started in Germany.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE STATE OF THE DEAD. By Rev. Anson West. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

This book, notwithstanding its pretentious title, is a very unsuccessful attempt to throw some light on the "undiscovered bourne whence no traveller returns." It is a mere rehash of Hammond's, Wesley's, Bloomfield's, and Clarke's Commentaries on the texts of Scripture that describe the future state of the disembodied spirit. The original matter of the author is puerile, illogical, and fanatical.

With his crude speculations on the state of the dead we have nothing to do, feeling conscious that their perusal alone is sufficient to refute them—those at least plainly at variance with Scripture and reason. He holds, however, orthodox views on the eternity of hell's torments, and rejects the doctrine defended at present by most Protestants, that departed souls are not admitted either to heaven or hell until after the resurrection day.

It is with these parts of his book, in which he pretends to "overthrow" Catholic teaching on the subject of purgatory, that we are mainly concerned. To this "overthrow" he devotes four long chapters, and is evidently much exercised over a doctrine which so forcibly commends itself to Christian sensibility and reason, and which is in so full sympathy with the gospel dispensation. As the Catholic doctrine on this subject is based upon and flows as a sequence from the doctrine of satisfaction, the latter is assailed with all the fury of a Calvin and all the illogical frenzy of a conceited theologaster. He first proceeds to show that "there is in sin an infinite and eternal demerit, and consequently we deny that some sins are not sufficient to consign to the punishment of hell. The least sin deserves the greatest wrath and severest punishment known to the law of God." Here Mr. West differs with the Scriptures, that tells us "there is a sin unto death and a sin not unto death;" and again, that "the just man fell seven times a day," still remaining a just man, and consequently not deserving "the greatest wrath and severest punishment known to the law of God." Not possessed, apparently, of an overstock of reason, he cannot be blamed for not seeing the absurdity of classing murder and an idle word in the same category of offences.

Finding purgatory an unfruitful theme he leaves it for a moment to attack the Roman doctrine of penance. We cannot at first clearly see the reason for this divergence, but discover on reading further that the Church claims power, by virtue of the keys, to release from purgatory the souls therein detained. After carefully examining this "man of straw," he assails it furiously, and through one chapter hurls text after text, until the chaff is scattered to the four winds. Had Mr. West condescended to examine a Catholic catechism, he might have saved himself the exhausting efforts which are apparent in this chapter.

Notwithstanding the fact that Catholics do not admit the correctness of that argumentative method, which demands that we should prove every one of our doctrines individually from the Scriptures, Mr. West complacently discourses on the "few ambiguous texts which form the sole grounds of the Papist's belief in purgatory." It is a principle of our faith, that the Church is the depository of Christ's truths, and that although *many* are found in the Scriptures, still many were committed to traditional keeping. It is on the authority of the Church—not like Mr. West, on the Commentary of Dr. Clarke—that we rest our belief in the doctrines of Christ. Still, indirectly at least, purgatory is revealed in the word of God, especially in its connection with prayers for the dead, a doctrine especially and directly unfolded in the Bible.

The Book of Maccabees, in which the latter doctrine is revealed, so conclusively settles the point, that the only loophole

of escape left Protestantism is to pronounce the Book uninspired. This, however, does not mend the matter, for as a trustworthy and authentic history of the Jewish Church—at that time the true Church of God—the statements of the book on the subject of praying for the dead are unimpeachable and conclusive. It is amusing to notice Mr. West wriggling through the text: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead," &c. After oracularly pronouncing the book apocryphal, by arguments that would prove every book of Scripture uninspired—such as the "obscenity of certain passages, lack of dignity, commendation of crime," &c. (the latter is a blasphemous falsehood), he examines it in its historical light, and thinks that "if the Jews held the doctrine of purgatory, it does not follow that such doctrine is correct." Here Mr. West regrets to differ from our Lord, who commanded His Apostles to do what those in the chair of Moses commanded to be done. The silence of our Lord on what would be the gross superstition of praying for the dead, did no purgatory exist, must be taken as a commendation of this Jewish practice.

We have given too much space, however, to the review of a book which presents nothing original or new, and differs from other books of its kind only in greater vulgarity of sentiment and language, and more striking evidences of ignorance and incompetency.

THE NEW AMERICAN SERIES OF READERS. By Epes Sargent and A. May. Five vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

The name of the publishing house which has issued this series of readers is a sufficient warrant for their excellence. We have, however, given them a careful examination, and have no hesitancy in pronouncing them worthy of the recommendation which has very generally been awarded them. The series is well divided, and betokens skill and tact on the part of the compilers, who are well known as successful educators. The highest praise that we can give Butler & Co. is that not one of their school books is tinctured with the slightest prejudice against the Church, and no Catholic teacher need fear to place in the hands of his pupil any geography, history, rhetoric, or reader which bears the imprint of these honorable and conscientious publishers. Even the notorious Peter Parley (Goodrich), whose histories were replete with bigotry and misrepresentation, has been obliged by these publishers to weed from his books the falsehoods in which their earlier editions abounded.

THE RIFLE AND HOUND IN CEYLON. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. With illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

The fame of the noble Nimrod who has written this book awakened our anticipations of pleasant and profitable reading, and we were not disappointed. Sir Samuel handles the pen with as much skill as he handles the rifle, and his graphic descriptions of hunting in Ceylon are unequalled in their way. We expected, however, to find nothing but such descriptions; but we discovered that he knows as much about the political and the social, as he does about the geographical, topography of Ceylon. The book abounds in beautiful glimpses of Ceylon scenery, keen characterization of the inhabitants, and lifelike pictures of the chase. The work is handsomely printed and bound, and the illustrations are generally good.

THE EARTH'S HISTORY; OR, FIRST LESSONS IN GEOLOGY. By D. T. Ansted. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1869.

Ansted is known in this country as the author of a popular, but not very sound, treatise entitled "The World We Live In." The present book is its inferior. It is certainly simple, clear, and concise, but unsafe, as it quietly but positively affirms the irreconcilableness of Genesis with geology. As far as we can judge from the purposely indefinite character of the language on certain delicate points, the author is a pupil of Huxley's, and believes in a pre-adamitic race of men.

LABBERTON'S OUTLINES OF HISTORY. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1871.

The publishers have sent us the text of this history, which was noticed in our last number. The excellence of the chronological tables and of the maps caused us to look with impatience for the text itself, to see if the excellence was uniform. We cannot say that we have been disappointed, for the author has shown surprising tact and judgment in steering clear of the historical problems on which most of his brethren are wrecked. We most cordially recommend the book to priests and other Catholic students and scholars desirous of revising and reviving their historical studies, for the book is eminently suggestive; but we would not counsel its introduction into Catholic schools, or its perusal by those unfamiliar with the true details of certain historical events which the author has touched upon, such, for instance, as the character and doings of Arnold of Brescia, who, according to the author (p. 30), "attracted the confidence of the people by preaching against the temporal possessions of the clergy." He fails to say that Arnold was a mediæval communist (vide Hallam, *in loco*). The analysis of the Crusades is admirable; but the statement is erroneous, that their object was the exaltation of the Papal power. (See James or Michaud.) But, as we have said, one whose historical course is finished may read this book with profit and even delight, for in point of language, style, method, and comprehensiveness, it is certainly unsurpassed by any text-book we have ever seen.

NOETHEN'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH. With Questions Adapted to the Use of Schools.

We noticed this excellent work at length in our May number. Since then it has gone through several editions; this, the last one, being intended and specially prepared for use in schools. A table of questions for examination is added, and several revisions in the arrangement and collocation of subjects have been made. It is unnecessary to say that Murphy has issued this book in fine style.

THE BIBLE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. James J. Moriarty, A.M. Troy, N. Y.: P. J. Dooley. 1871.

A popular and able vindication of the Church's reverence for the Holy Scriptures.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE have been requested to announce that the great work of the Count de Montalembert, entitled "The Monks of the West," will be issued in magnificent style on the 1st of October, by Patrick Donahoe, Boston, Mass.

MR. MARK F. VALLETTE, Editor of the "Catholic Standard," Philadelphia, is preparing a "History of the Catholic Churches in Eastern Pennsylvania and Delaware," which will be ready in a few months. This work will be a valuable record of church history, and we are glad that its compilation is in the hands of so competent a gentleman.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. II.

FROM NOVEMBER TO APRIL, 1872.

PHILADELPHIA:

HARDY & MAHONY,

726 SANSOM STREET.

1872.

CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

PAGE

Another Year..... 126
Ave Maria..... 168
Agatha Terbert; a Tale of the Reign of Terror..... 314
Aurora Borealis..... 381

Beggar of the Church Steps, The..... 238
Bible Makers, The Modern..... 276
Baffled..... 295
Battle for Denominational Education, The 302
Bubbles..... 353

Church and Modern Civilization, The. The Injustice of Protestant Charges and Claims..... 257
Catholic America.....1, 65
Christmas Story, A..... 138
Christmas..... 168
Chinese Socialism..... 183
Child's Answer, A..... 373
Church Progressive, The..... 189
Chicago as it Was..... 308

Death, where is thy Victory?..... 107
Dream of Death, A..... 252
Decline of Protestantism, The..... 321

Evening Cloud, The..... 46
Ecumenical Council, The First..... 73
Echo, An..... 87
European Laws of Naturalization..... 88
Educational Problem, and its Solution, The 193

Fate of a Fairy Swan, The..... 17
Friday an Unlucky Day,..... 247

Gretchen's Guest..... 177

Humble Heart, An..... 242

Ireland's Glory..... 290

Lapsus Linguæ..... 51
Lucky Presentiment, A..... 113
Last Night of the Year, The..... 182
Legend of the Robes..... 267

Majesty of the Law, The..... 35
Memory and Absence of Mind..... 95

PAGE

Margaret Clare..... 270
Mariner of Alessio, The..... 296
Miser of Marseilles..... 369

Notre Dame de Paris..... 253

On the Mission.....41, 100
Oxford in 1871..... 117
Our Lady of the Chair..... 151
Once Famous Jaime Ferrer, The.—The Lapidary of Burgos and Columbus.... 152
O'Connell Daniel..... 369

Persecution in Germany..... 175
Pearl of Campan, The..... 204
Praise God..... 328

Romance of Irish History..... 57
Rights of Woman, The..... 237
Recent Advances in Christianity..... 354

Self Conquest; or, the Road to Peace. A Story with a Moral.. 8, 77, 158, 216, 281, 361
Shipwreck..... 50
Story of Tours, A..... 55
Sun of Glory..... 73
Spiritualism and its Remedy.....129, 211
Saint Francis Xavier..... 243
Spalding, Martin John..... 26
Sleeper's Sail, The..... 329
Story of the Hostages, The. An Account of the Imprisonment and Murder of the Archbishop of Paris, 1871..... 344

Toys as Teachers..... 108
Temporal Power of the Pope, The..... 227
Ten Years After..... 332

Under the Commune,..... 19

Vidimus Stellam Ejus..... 34
Vision of the Monk Gabriel, The..... 201
Violets..... 313

What Anti-Catholics think of Dollingerism 47
Wahabees in Europe..... 316

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PAGE

American Elocutionist and Dramatic Reader..... 191

Ballads of Irish Chivalry..... 256

Condensed School History of the U. S..... 191
Council of the Vatican..... 255

Devil, The. Does he Exist? What does he do?..... 190

Florence O'Neil—A Story of the Siege of Limerick..... 191
Fardorougha, the Miser; or, the Convicts of Lisnamora..... 192
Familiar Instructions on Mental Prayer.. 192
Four Great Evils of the Day, The..... 255
Fourfold Sovereignty of God..... 319

Guide to the U. P. R. R..... 192

Hidden Gem, The..... 384
Holy Week..... 384

Kiriale; or, the Ordinary of the Mass..... 384

Light in Darkness..... 64
Life of the Reverend Mother Julia..... 127
Lenton Sermons..... 319

PAGE

Montalembert's Monks of the West..... 62
Mary, Queen of Scots, and her latest English Historians..... 127
Martyrs of the Coliseum..... 256

Ned Rushen; or, Who Fired the First Shot? 192
New View of Hell, The..... 256

Orangeism—Sketch of the History of the Institution in Ireland..... 320

Pictorial Bible and Church History Stories 63
Pearl of Antioch..... 128

Spouse of Christ..... 320
Sermons by the Fathers of the Congregation of St. Paul..... 190
Sketches of Irish History..... 192
Sadlier's Directory..... 256

To and from the Passion Play in the Summer of 1871..... 255
Triumph of the Blessed Sacrament..... 320

Via Crucis; or, the Way of the Cross..... 320
Veronica; or, the Holy Face of our Lord Jesus Christ..... 383

Wild Ireland..... 256
Witch of Rosenberg, The..... 384